

LONDON

PAST AND PRESENT

TEXT BY
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• PREFATORY NOTE

THE EDITOR desires to acknowledge the assistance rendered him in the preparation of this volume by the various artists who have lent their drawings, etchings, and lithographs for reproduction; and by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach, Messrs. James Connell and Sons, Mr. H. C. Dickins, Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells, Messrs. Frost and Reed, Mr. C. Klackner, Messrs. Leggatt Bros., Messrs. Methuen and Co., The Fine Art Society, The Fine Arts Publishing Co., The "Twenty-One" Gallery, The London Underground Railways, *The Manchester Guardian*, and The University of London, who have permitted him to publish their copyright subjects. He also wishes to express his thanks to Mr. Frank L. Emanuel, Mr. Francis Harvey, and Messrs. Robson and Co. for the loan of old drawings and prints which appear amongst the illustrations.

The Editor is indebted to Mr. John B. Thorp for allowing to be reproduced here several of his remarkable models of Old London. Most of these models are familiar to visitors to the London Museum; but to those who have not had an opportunity of seeing them there these illustrations will be found particularly interesting. Apart from the ingenuity and clever craftsmanship which they display, they possess considerable value to the antiquarian from the fact that in their building-up Mr. Thorp has had access to the most reliable records of Old London.

Under most of the illustrations of the earlier views of London a date has been given; but the reader will understand that in some cases the exact date is difficult to ascertain and is therefore only approximate.

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INTRODUCTION

As you, dear reader, in recent summers have taken your leisurely way about London town, you have possibly been startled by the sudden passage of a large motor-vehicle of alien aspect, bearing on its rows of seats a full freight of what you have recognised immediately as sightseers, while facing these was a man standing and shouting, in an American accent magnified by a megaphone, as many items of topographical information as he could possibly crowd into the passing moment. Considering the hustling rate of the tour, it were small wonder if but a few of those data attached themselves, in the memories of the passengers, to their own proper buildings. But what did that matter? Guide-books would soon readjust dates and dimensions, the great and satisfying thing with these tourists who, maybe, had crossed oceans, was the consciousness that they were "doing London." As an old lover of London, my heart always goes out to them when I see their eager faces, feeling that, in making even these snapshot pilgrimages to our storied streets and buildings, they are possibly fulfilling old dreams and longings inspired by books read in their own far homes. The true way to learn London, however, to know it with love and intimacy, is, of course, not to "hustle around," nor even to join in gregarious "personally conducted" rambles such as those of the amiable Selborne Society, though that may be a pleasant enough initiation, but, according to one's mood, to saunter specifically and loiter with intent. And though one may say, with Sebastian in "Twelfth Night,"

"I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renown this city,

one perceives more and more clearly how much of London there is also to be known and loved that does not "renown" the city, how many things invite acquaintance, even intimacy, that are not "of fame," yet are curious, engaging, lovable—and very London. It is here the vision of the artist may assist the topographer. What an incalculable boon for students of Elizabethan London had there been contemporary artists to illustrate John Stow's "Survey" of the City in 1598, so that, as we wander with him topographically about his London past and present, we could see it pictorially illumined exactly as he saw it! We get, of course, a good idea of the general aspect of London through Visscher's panoramic View of 1616, and the earlier one of Anthony Van den Wyngaerde, as well as the Ralph Aggas map of 1560, but what, for instance, would we not give for a contemporary drawing of the immortal Mermaid Tavern, which Stow did not consider even worth mentioning? Happily there was a Hollar picturing London with his assiduous etching-needle at the very time that the Great Fire made so sudden a

dividing-line between London past and present ; while throughout the self-conscious eighteenth century the topographical draughtsmen and engravers were busily engaged with London, and occasionally among them was an artist. When he appeared, he usually issued a series of views of prominent places of historic interest, characteristically peopled, which now we treasure. Our knowledge of the living aspect of London of the seventeenth-nineties would be appreciably poorer without the aquatints of Thomas Malton ; while how much more familiar are we with the earliest Victorian London through the charmingly vivid lithographs of Thomas Shotter Boys ! Each of these artists interpreted the London of his period with true vision, so that we see not only how the streets, the houses and shops and public buildings, then looked, but also the manner and personal appearance of the people who frequented those streets and buildings, and the fashions of their vehicles as well as their clothes. Yet what a marvellous difference between Georgian and Early Victorian London ! Still greater the difference between the look of the streets in 1842 and the appearance of London to-day, with its buildings growing bigger and bigger, and its streets metamorphosed—I had almost said, motor-morphosed. At the rate we are going, who knows what transmogrification the next twenty years will see ?

The present, then, the Editor of *The Studio* thinks, would seem to be a fitting moment for an attempt to picture various aspects of our contemporary London, not through a single vision, as in the old way of presenting London views, but through the diverse visions of a number of artists who happen to have found in London subjects a pictorial appeal which happily enlists also the topographer's interest, and to contrast these essentially modern impressions with the views and picturings of the earlier London.

"The man must have a rare *recipe* for melancholy who can be dull in Fleet Street," wrote Charles Lamb just a hundred and fourteen years ago, and the dictum holds good to-day, although if the Gentle Elia could revisit the glimpses of the street he knew so intimately and fondly, with the shops that interested him particularly, the booksellers old and new, the silversmiths, the printsellers—Macklin's Poets' Gallery, for instance—it would be some little time before he recognised it as Fleet Street ; but he *would* recognise it ; for the old street, despite all changes of appearance and manner, has still its character. Now, this character of streets, if one has the eye and the intuition for it, is as variously interesting as the character of human beings. Lombard Street, for instance, with its banking history, has an interest and character peculiarly its own, and now that replicas of the old business signboards—such as the Grasshopper of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange in Elizabeth's reign—are hanging over the original sites as in olden times, the street has assumed quite a distinctive aspect. These picturesque pendants,

the banners on the outer walls, so to speak, of the bankers and merchant-princes, help us to imagine the old gabled appearance of the street, and almost forget the tall modern important buildings. In London one finds every possible kind of street, and I would go even beyond Lamb, and say that the man who can be dull in any London street that is a street "must have a rare recipe for melancholy." There are, of course, certain "terraces" in Bayswater, and elsewhere, that do not seem to come into the category of streets—merely rows of houses all alike, without any distinctive architectural character, with lines of pavement and a road between, where nothing ever seems to happen. But full of personality and character are most London streets, even the "long unlovely street" is not without them. No street is too squalid or down-at-heel to lack interest, as long as it is alive, and what is more alive than a Saturday-night street, with its costers' barrows, its flaming lamps, its continuous raucous roar and shout, its pervading humour? I love it, I find in it human nature at its most expansive. But then, I love equally the streets that have an air, and the streets that give themselves airs, the streets and squares that have known "better days," the "shabby genteel" streets, with houses, some still with their Georgian door-hoods, that you know were once the residences of notable persons, come down through changes of fashion to be boarding-houses, or let to lodgers and small traders. Among these one may often see traces of their old dignity and beauty of aspect, and always attaching to them is that pathetic, and sometimes comic, human interest inherent in changing fortunes. In many Bloomsbury streets and squares one may see this. Just turn out of Holborn and walk into Featherstone Buildings, and you will see in the dignified aspect of the Early Georgian houses the pathetic contrast between past and present. But if you walk along Bedford Row and Great James Street—a street glorified for me always by my first sight there of Swinburne, who was lodging in one of its old houses—you can call up some visual idea of the early eighteenth-century aspect of London Streets, for nearly every house has still its covered doorway, and, though shabby in its change of fortune and condition, looks somewhat as it did when periwigged gentleman wearing swords, and ladies in hooped petticoats, walked into it. Archaeologist am I none, topographer scarcely more; yet, along London streets, I can lose myself delightfully among them in the past as in the present, and to a large measure of topolatry I frankly confess. Even if the old houses are gone, the old streets and squares in their new aspects are still paved with memories, so that we of to-day, as we pass along with the human beings of the present, can jostle the famous people of the past on the very ground upon which they trod. And this for me is one of the inexhaustible charms of London.

Having lived in the midst of more than half a century of London's growth and metamorphosis, without ever losing that sense of the familiar which

London always preserves for her natives, however astonishing the changes, I cannot help envying the stranger in London the wonderful and multitudinous experience of his first impressions. What surprises, thrills, bewilderments, must await him, according to his temperament, at every turn of his unfamiliar wayfaring ! I imagine his swiftly gradual consciousness of the immensity, the marvellousness, the heterogeneousness of London, as he arrives, no matter from what part of the world, at one of our big railway stations, and then finds himself for the first time in our great thoroughfares, with their world-famous names, and wandering amid an interminable labyrinth of streets, old and new, of every size, form, character and kind, with the sudden sweet surprises of leafy squares, or beautiful vistas of verdant and spacious parks. And his first impressions of the great historic landmarks of London, the venerable buildings on which century after century has written its story, how I envy him those, with his first sight of the immemorial river, without which London would never have been.

Yet, after all, why should I envy the stranger his first impressions of London, I whose first impressions of life came in a room in a late eighteenth-century house—itsself now a memory, a huge stone-fronted edifice of flats and shops replacing it and its near fellows—to which Charles Dickens himself once came to my father to hear music, as would come a host of others with well-remembered names. Were not the first street-scenes I looked upon those of that Baker Street for which Thackeray had a tenderness, and where, as he tells us in "Vanity Fair," he once dined and dreamed of a great dead company, in the very house in which William Pitt had lived ? Do not my childhood's memories recall the crinolines and policemen in tall chimney-pot hats and long frock-coats—"Peelers" they were still called—and one day Queen Victoria's carriage passing my perambulator, in that same Baker Street, bearing the Queen with her husband on one of the last of her favourite drives with him round Regent's Park, more sylvan then even than now, and close to which was a big round building called the Colosseum, where for a treat I would see London in panorama and the Earthquake at Lisbon ? And do I not remember Hyde Park with its rustic old wooden palings, and then one day—what an exciting day that was for a small boy !—did I not see the Park without any barriers between its trampled spaces and the roadway, but only the wreck of the palings, which the Reform Rioters had just previously pulled up and thrown down ? And was there not within my recollection still a turnpike at Kensington, while Holborn Hill had no Viaduct over it, and did I not first see the Thames-side between Westminster and Blackfriars with something of its old look before its embankment ? And how delicious the curds-and-whey was in the lodge at Hyde Park Corner, and how sweet the warm milk from the cows in St. James's Park, which my father, who had drunk their milk

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in his own childhood, used to tell me had been in the same place ever since the days of Charles II.¹ And English history still echoed gloomily from Northumberland House, once Northampton House, then Suffolk House, according to its lordly proprietorship, the last remaining of the riverside palaces, before its ducal owner exchanged its time worn dignity of place for half a million pounds sterling of public money. Wren's impressive Temple Bar, too, on the historic site that before the Fire had known a wooden structure, still stood sentinel over the City's privileges, as it had done since the Merry Monarch's day, until its astonishing superannuation and rural retirement into Hertfordshire. And I would never pass through the old gateway without the sense of a living past dominating the actualities of the present, the ghastly heads of Jacobites would seem still to be stuck up there, as Johnson and Goldsmith saw them, and a rumbling old knife-board omnibus, with straw on the floor of it, would easily pass for the coach of Mr Pepys. But nowadays I associate the memory of Temple Bar with the personality of that industrious bookman Walter Thornbury, for to a tavern close by, frequented by the fraternity of the press—now long vanished—he would come from his chambers in old Furnival's Inn, and there I was privileged to dine with him once a week. This was at the very time he was finishing the second of the only two volumes he lived to finish of that monumental work, "Old and New London," the writing of which, with the urgency of publishing-time pressing upon him, he used to tell me, in gusts of fretfulness, while waiting for his chop, was driving him mad. Thornbury's "New" London is now forty years old, and much of his "Old" London, then surviving, the map knows no more, but, to my youthful ears, how fresh and enchanting it all sounded, as bits of topography and biographical or historic anecdote would dart out of his rambling talks—so suddenly and sadly ended.¹

Of the making of books about London since Thornbury's there has been no end, but there is one great unwritten book that one must think of always with regret—the London book that Francis Thompson was to have written. We know, from a letter quoted in Mr Edward Meynell's lovable life of the poet, the scope and design of the work. Not a book of topography was it to have been—as, indeed, who would have expected such from the author of "The Hound of Heaven"?—but "Fair London and Terrible London" were to have described its divisions, and in the latter he was to have shown us the "aspect of London from midnight to early dawn" as it presented itself to a "houseless wanderer." "I intend," he wrote, "to take my wanderer through the Strand, Covent Garden, Trafalgar Square, perhaps part of Piccadilly, the Embankment, Blackfriars Bridge, etc., bringing him round to Fleet Street opposite St Paul's at dawn, and to describe the night effects and the effects of gradual dawn in the streets." A night fire was to have provided

one of the impressions—is there ever a night in London without its fire? For Thompson Pall Mall might have had no social history, within its precincts Charles II might never have played the game, there might have been in the street never a club, of old-time tavern or modern palatial variety, Gainsborough and Marlborough might never have died there, nor Nell Gwyn and Lady Castlemaine lived there—on the “sweet shady side” that the convivial lyrist loved. It was the effects of vistas of lamps in such a neighbourhood as Pall Mall that the poet saw in his mind’s eye, just as he saw that night exhibited the New Cut, and the like, most impressively and characteristically, just, in fact, as Mr Monk shows us the pictorial aspect of Cavendish Square, without heed of the topographer’s fact that there George Romney lived and Lady Hamilton went to be painted. Locality Thompson regarded as unimportant. What would our modern Stows and Pennants say to this, I wonder—the authoritative members of the London Topographical Society, and the erudite editors of the London County Council Surveys? Yet what a book Thompson’s would have been, with the “gloomier majesties” of London interpreted by the vision of a poet, who, while homeless in the cold streets as the veriest outcast, could yet see in merciful shine “the traffic of Jacob’s ladder Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross!”

But, after all, even this poet street-wanderer had but a limited view of London. Does anybody know all London? A hundred points of view would hardly suffice for his vision and understanding of all that London is and means, so vast, indeed, is the whole, and so many different Londons are comprised in this greatest and most multifarious of the world’s great and ancient cities—this agglomeration of cities, this “aggregate of various nations,” as Addison described even the comparatively small London of his day. One would need to be dowered with the all-observant eye of a Dickens, and a Charles Lamb’s affectionate humour, to possess the archæological lore of a Loftie, a Wheatley or a Besant, the jaunty topographising spirit of an E. V. Lucas or a Wilfred Whitten, the anecdotic zest of a Thornbury or a Leigh Hunt, the instinct for curiously and sympathetically probing among the obscure living by-ways and alien quarters like Mr G. R. Sims, and yet there would probably remain aspects of this amazing London beyond one’s ken. There would still be strange districts to explore, where life is odd and unfamiliar, where romance may lurk, and curiosity may mean adventure, where the remnants of storied buildings still remain to be traced, districts where the modern is scarcely distinguishable from the old, and time with its wear and tear has provided interest alike for the artist, the archæologist and the sociologist. London is indeed inexhaustible, and each of us must find for himself the London of his particular interest. The average Londoner is content to accept London as it is, without

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troubling to inquire how it became so, or how much or little of it he knows. How many a clubman, who claims to know his London, and has been sufficiently interested to acquire the historic gossip of what Pinero has called his "little Parish of St James's," could tell you any thing of the myriad mean streets of Camberwell, Bethnal Green, Notting Dale, or the Thames-side? What does Mayfair know of Southwark or Southwark of Mayfair? Yet across the bridges, or down "Lime'us" way, one might be a hundred miles away from the West End. How many a City man, sure of his topography between, say, Hyde Park and the Stock Exchange, could point out to you, though he may pass them daily, the surviving landmarks of even Jacobean and Early Georgian London, satisfy your curiosity as to which of the City Churches stood before the Great Fire of 1666, and which exemplify the genius of Wren, or inform you of the social and structural changes with which time has been compassing that marvellous fact, the growth of London? Yet we can realise the immensity and the wonderful significance of London only if we understand this growth and development, perceiving the changes as they reveal themselves, either by the light of that "lamp of memory" which the centuries suspend over them, or as the passing years hasten them along within living view. The past is, therefore, ever present with us, and even though we may find ourselves surrounded by all the red-brick newness of some latest London suburb, linked with the ancient heart of the City by every convenience of rapid locomotion, this will appear to us only a natural manifestation of the centrifugal force of London's social history.

Now that London has become a County, with its twenty-eight huge crowded boroughs, extending from the City precincts to an enormous radius, it needs some stretch of the imagination to recall the days when London was still self-contained enough to be spoken of as "the Town," and the great boroughs of Chelsea, Hampstead, Islington, Hammersmith, Fulham, Wandsworth, Hackney, Stoke Newington, and the rest, were merely country villages, yet this was not so very long ago, and if one looks at any descriptive Guide to London published in the beginning of the nineteenth century, one will find these places so described, with the times and places of departure of the stage-coaches plying between them and London. Nothing switches one's mind more realistically into communication with the past than such practical, once every-day, facts as these. Now, putting down your guide-book of, say, 1802, you recall the famous sonnet Wordsworth wrote standing on old Westminster Bridge, moved by the deep quiet and calm beauty of London at sunrise, out of hearing presumably of the street-cries and the brawlings,—
"Silent, bare, Ships, towers, dome, theatres, temples lie Open unto the fields." The poet with that glimpse of open country seen from the old stone bridge at Westminster—one of the three metropolitan bridges

spanning the river in those days—helps us to realise how recently Islington, Fulham, Stoke Newington and the like, have ceased to be villages. Recently, I say, and Wordsworth wrote this sonnet in 1802, but I remember when, in my boyhood, the Swiss Cottage Tavern in the Finchley Road was the terminus of the old Atlas bus, with its two horses and its knife-board, that rumbled slowly along every hour, while beyond this, to reach Hampstead, one had to walk across seven fields, in the first of which a murder had been done. Yet, now a days, with London stretching out in that direction as populous as it does everywhere else, and the Finchley Road, with its motor buses and its tramways, its houses, flats, shops, railway stations, becoming more and more urban, and rapidly losing all memories of its rustic character, this reminiscence seems after all scarcely more remote than the thought of Wordsworth in Westminster contemplating London with the open country all around, just as Shakespeare might have done.

In these days, when London's development becomes more rapid year by year, the adjacent country gets further and further away, but look at the old views in this volume, and you will see actually a London in-the-fields a garden city, and you will easily picture Shakespeare wandering in fields within sight of the Tower, or rambling rurally in St Giles, when the huntsmen would pass him on their way toward Tyburn to hunt the deer in Bayswater and Hyde Park. Yes, Holborn and Oxford Street were only pretty country roads, and you will find marked on the map quite late in the seventeenth century the Lord Mayor's Banqueting House, which Ben Jonson mentioned in his play, "The Devil is an Ass." This was an isolated cottage, standing where Stratford Place is now, beside which ran the most countryified of Marylebone Lanes. Here my Lord Mayor and his hunting party would eat their dinners. Think of Gerard, the great Elizabethan herbalist, gathering wild flowers in Holborn and Chancery Lane, or in Piccadilly—"the drie ditch banks about Pickadilla" he says, which was still so suburban a road in the first George's reign that highwaymen infested it, and stopped even the coach of Lord Cadogan, Marlborough's successor as Commander-in-Chief, whose house and garden stood there. Then think back to Chaucer's day when Whitechapel was a small hamlet just beyond the Aldgate of the city wall which very strictly enclosed mediæval London, where, in the gate tower, the poet lived for some years and just outside Moorgate was an open heath or moor.

In thinking of London one must always bear in mind the constancy of change—it may assume a thousand different aspects and expressions, but to the Londoner, whatever the changes however great and startling it always appears to him very soon the same familiar London. Of course the continuance of the old place names helps to sustain the illusion for, though we know that certain trades and industries are no longer carried



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on exclusively in such and such streets, that tall stone buildings have taken the place of the old brick houses, as those took the place of the older timber ones, the streets are still called the same, and so we fancy them familiar when we see the familiar names marked on the old maps.

Every now and again there is an outcry in the press about the proposed removal of some venerable landmark, some historic building, that stands in the way of the modern "improvement" necessities, or some Queen Anne or Early Georgian house, associated more or less intimately with the life of some famous Londoner, the valuable site of which is required for new palatial buildings, government offices, residential flats, a bank, an hotel, a club, a theatre, trading, insurance, or shipping offices, whatever it may be. The antiquarians and the literary gossips are up in arms, there is a nine days' controversy, as if all London had taken the matter to heart, which, of course, it hasn't, the artist is busy with his recording pencil, but the decree of change has gone forth, the demolition proceeds apace, and the new buildings rise in all their pride and magnificence of Portland stone, and Palladian, English Renaissance, Greek, Composite, Nondescript, after the fashion of the theatrical historical costumes that Mr Comyns Carr puts down as the "Nathan period." Many of these new buildings, of course, show nobility and appropriateness of design, beauty of proportion, with a sense of local harmony, and an aspiration towards a revival in London architecture of true principles and ideals of building. Many, on the other hand, merely shout to the skies their costliness and imposing size. Thus whole streets, entire districts, which seemed in their familiarity almost immemorial, which one never passed through without the affectionate sense of the true old London atmosphere, gradually disappear, and in exchange we get a Kingsway to a transmogrified Strand, a big, bold, broad street of large, high buildings and no expressiveness, meaning little or nothing to the Londoner of fond memories, though some who don't care will call it "handsome", a Shaftesbury Avenue, that so far signifies for him only new theatres and a bewilderment of motor buses, with the redeeming excuse that it has not destroyed all the curious old polyglot streets of Soho, a Charing Cross Road that tries bravely to cloak its obvious newness with a goodly show of old bookshops, and reminds us of dear vanished "Booksellers' Row," which the Strand "improvements" took ruthlessly from us.

And the average Londoner goes on his way, in no manner sentimentally disturbed, and the hansom and the "growler" give place to the taxi, just as the sedan-chair and the old hackney coach had given place to them, and the horse bus surrenders to the motor-bus, and in the swifter, easier traffic of the streets it is soon forgotten that there have been any changes and upheavals. But some of us are sentimental enough to be sorry, and miss the old familiar places, and I for one welcome to our company such a persuasive spokesman as Mr Max Beerbohm. "The humble old houses

that dare not scrape the sky are being duly punished for their timidity," he says, "and the little old streets, so narrow and exclusive, so shy and crooked—we are making an example of them, too. We lose our way in them, do we? We whose time is money. Our omnibuses can't trundle through them, can't they? Very well, then. Down with them! We have no use for them. This is the age of 'noble arteries.' The Rebuilding of London is a source of much pride and pleasure to most of London's citizens, especially to those who are county councillors, builders, contractors, navvies, glaziers, decorators, and so forth. There is but a tiny residue of persons who do not swell and sparkle. And of these glum bystanders at the Carnival, I am one." And the inimitable "Max" continues, "Let us argue that, forasmuch as London is an historic city, with many phases and periods behind her, and forasmuch as many of these phases and periods are enshrined in the aspect of her buildings, the constant razure of these buildings is a disservice to the historian not less than to the mere sentimentalist, and that it will, moreover (this is a more telling argument) filch from Englishmen the pleasant power of crowing over Americans, and from the Americans the unpleasant necessity of balancing their pity for our present with envy of our past. After all, our past is our *point d'appui*. Our present is merely a bad imitation of what the Americans can do much better." Hear, hear! Mr Beerbohm, and would that your words would bring about a much-needed Act of Parliament restraining the pulling down of any more old houses or streets with memories and stories, and restricting the erection of new buildings to localities that have neither!

To-day I was faced by another great gap in the Strand. An entire block of familiar houses and shop-fronts gone, and the back of John Street, Adelphi, naked to the sky. Startled, I hurried down Adam Street to see if, amid this ruthless uprooting of the old, the dear Terrace had been spared. Happily, I found it still looking placidly on to the river, though more distantly than it was used to do before the Embankment days, and I fell into a mood of reminiscence.

"In this very room Sir Rowland Hill worked out his penny postage scheme, on this very spot Sir Walter Raleigh smoked the first pipe ever smoked in England, and next door David Garrick lived and died." It was in his Adelphi Terrace chambers that old E. L. Blanchard, of pleasant theatrical memory, rolled off this impressive record of local associations, as I was taking leave of him one evening some thirty years ago. Fascinated, I lingered by the terrace rails, I remember, just as Boswell tells us he and Johnson did on leaving Garrick's house after dining with his widow, when the company included Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr Burney, Hannah More, and Mrs Elizabeth Carter, the "Bluestocking," but it was not of these, or of the great actor, that I was thinking, any more than of penny postage and its inventor. But Raleigh and his first

pipe¹ That held me, yet I could not place my hero in Adelphi Terrace Dr Johnson, yes, Garrick, yes, but Raleigh, no Yet on the same spot where the brothers Adam built the elegant row of houses in 1768, where in our own days the Savage Club has given welcome to many a famous explorer fresh from the far wilds of the earth, once stood Durham House, or Place, in which the Bishops of Durham used to keep their state when they came to London, till Henry VIII annexed it and held sumptuous tournaments in its grounds, and here under the favour of Queen Elizabeth, who herself had lived in the place, the great Raleigh resided awhile, and—why not believe?—smoked his pipe

Recalling this, I let the river, with the twilight falling upon it, lure my imagination till I seemed to see that succession of stately mansions with lordly names which once so bravely and imposingly fronted the Strand, and made the riverside glad with gardens and beautiful stone water-gates, while the silent highway would resound with voices and music and the splash of oars, and rich barges and swift wherries would pass to and fro And what of these great mansions of the Strand? One by one they disappear, and streets of new houses spread over the ground they once covered, and perpetuate the names of the noble owners Thus Essex House, once Leicester House, and still earlier, Exeter—with its dramatic memories of Elizabeth's two favourites, and living still in Spenser's verse, gives place, in the later years of Charles II's reign, to Essex Street and Devereux Court, where old house-fronts may yet help us to enjoy the illusive spell of the past Where stood Arundel House, so charmingly familiar to us in Hollar's prints, as it looked in the first Charles's time, and under the ægis of that Earl of Arundel who was described in his day as the "great Mæcenas of all the politer arts," perhaps the earliest of London homes to house a great art-collection, we have Arundel Street, Norfolk Street, where William Penn once lived, Surrey Street, where Voltaire paid his memorable visit to Congreve, while round the corner in Howard Street was the home of the dramatist's *chère amie*, the fascinating actress Mrs Bracegirdle, who was buried in Westminster Abbey, and in that same street her neighbour, friend, and fellow-player, Will Mountford, was murdered by Lord Mohun and another notorious "blood," out of spite for their failure to carry off the actress as she left Drury Lane Theatre

Times have changed and the streets with them Even the dignified Somerset House that we know—generally to our cost, is of the seventeen seventies, not the old palace that Inigo Jones newly-fronted, in which James I's Queen Anne ruled, turning the Court into a "continued Maskerado," as that quaint historian Arthur Wilson tells us, when she and her ladies, dressed "as so many sea-nymphs or nereids," ravished the beholders, where Charles I's widow came at the Restoration to live as Queen-Mother, and kept a livelier court than poor Catherine of

Braganza, when Whitehall grew altogether too merry for her. The historic names manage to cling to the storied spots, even though the streets that have borrowed them may change their faces almost out of recollection. The monster hotels proudly rejoice to assume names with the tang of famous local association, sure that no "hungry generations" can tread down the memories of Savoy or Cecil. "Get out of the way," they seem to say to the modest old houses that go down before them, "you were usurpers in your day, and you have had your turn. The charming old Chapel of the Savoy, Inigo Jones's beautiful Water-gate at the bottom of Buckingham Street, these are witnesses against you, they shall remain as reminders that the Strand was once a highway of palaces, as it shall be again. But we are the palaces of this newer day—great cosmopolitan hostelrys, mighty places of business—we are the new landmarks of London." Yes, the widening Strand is giving itself airs, has been, in fact, ever since it listened to the blandishments of the "improvers." How little is left of the narrow, friendly old Strand that I first knew, with its agglomeration of all sorts of houses, its fascinating varieties of shop-fronts, its unpretentious hotels and eating-houses, its fewer theatres, but how much each one meant!—and old Northumberland House—not too proud to rub shoulders with mere shops, and as yet little dreaming of giving place to an avenue of hotels, while the Percy lion on the top was still unchallenged by Landseer's four in the Square opposite! But that has gone a very long time now, and, of course, changes have been creeping along with the years, yet I think always affectionately of the dear familiar, narrow, go-as-you-please old Strand, and a certain dignity and charm it had when Henry Irving was its king. Although, amid all this craze for imposing buildings which has seized upon London in late years one delights to find some of beauty and appropriateness, even among the great shopping establishments, what a curious charm one discovers in a rare eighteenth-century shop-front, with its small window panes, such as Locket's, the hatter's, in St. James's Street, or Lambert's, the silversmith's in Coventry Street, or Fribourg and Treyer's, the tobacconists', and, of old, fashionable snuff merchants', in the Hay-market! Mere sentiment in a survival, belike, for one pictures the men and women of the eighteenth century looking into, or entering, those very shops, a sentiment that is not so easy to associate with old shops that have been rebuilt, even though their proprietors may have done business on the same spot these two hundred years or more. Something more than sentiment, however, must account for the restful charm one experiences in Queen Anne's Gate, or Square, as formerly it was called, looking at the beautiful Queen Anne houses, with their dignified serenity of front, the ornamental hoods over their doorways, the colour and distinction of their brickwork, and a certain graciousness in their fenestration. Yet even here, in this quiet backwater of the centuries, where

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the imaginative vision may call to life the men and women that "Mr Spectator" was used to see, the ladies in their hoop-petticoats, the gentlemen in square-cut coats with stiff distended skirts, long flapped waistcoats and long curled periwigs, and manners of a formality to match, even here the offices of an Anglo-American trading company intrudes, though happily one may keep out the illusion by looking up the charming little thoroughfare, with its small statue of Anna Regina set against one of the house-walls, and turning one's back on the modern stone building, which, though well enough in itself, is so sorely out of keeping with the old-world character of the place. Wherever one may go to see how old London dwelling-houses looked in earlier days one is disturbed by this modern encroachment.

Yesterday I found to my regret that a large stone edifice in course of erection has swept away the charming Katherine Court, at the back of Trinity Square, Tower Hill, with its delightful old houses and their stately doorways, and fine staircases, which had stood since the beginning of the eighteenth century. These were doubtless among the "many good new buildings, mostly inhabited by gentry and merchants," to which Hatton referred in 1708, and they were close to the execution place on Great Tower Hill. How many of the gentry and merchants went out, I wonder, to mingle with the large curious crowds when the Jacobite lords met their doom?

In this neighbourhood you will find many Georgian houses surviving, though one knows not for how long. In the Minories, opposite the attractive new stone and brick building of the Institute of Marine Engineers, the little Circus offers a pleasing surprise, with its houses of the seventeen-forties built in a genuine circle. Then, near by, in Mark Lane, you come across a veritable Queen Anne Mansion of red brick, with a nobly-carved hooded doorway, and an interior worthy of the handsome exterior. People of importance must have lived here of old, one feels, now the elegant rooms are offices, and male and female clerks run up and down the handsome staircase. Then, there are two distinguished old houses in Lawrence Pountney Hill, just off Cannon Street, with magnificently carved shell hoods over the doorways. These also suggest that they have been the dwelling-places of persons of distinction, and one feels inclined to walk into the Lombard Street Post Office—London's first G.P.O., by the way—and ask for a Postal Directory of Queen Anne's time. Yes, thank goodness, there are still London streets and squares in which one can linger before the charming old houses with their look of serene restfulness, that seem to speak to us intimately of the social life of other days, and draw us more familiarly into the mood of the past than could ever great temples and palaces of far more ancient origin. Barton Street and Cowley Street, close to Westminster Abbey, still modestly urging as a plea for survival the date, 1722, when Barton Booth, the famous actor,

built them; Buckingham Street, Strand, still retaining something of an air, remembering who has lived in its houses; courtly Kensington Square; charming Church Row, Hampstead, where one is sure Keats often lingered, and Constable too; beautiful red-brick Cheyne Walk and Cheyne Row, Chelsea, with Queen Anne memories, chosen for dwelling-places by famous poets and painters of our later time—all these, I love—but I find the illusion of the past comes most readily while wandering at twilight within the precincts of the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn. In most periods of London's life I find it easy to feel at home, but, although the confession may brand me as hopelessly unarchæological, I can never bring myself to conceive anything really Londonish in the idea of Roman London. No rare remnant of it ever moves me, not the largest surviving piece of the Wall; even the Roman bath in Strand Lane leaves me cold. My imagination boggles at a Roman Centurion taking his bath in the purlieu of the Strand. Nor does Saxon London come much nearer to me; but with the Normans my London begins to emerge from the mists of time. The builders are at work; their architecture is bold, distinctive, and simply to the purpose; and at the Tower, where among the massive pillars of St. John's Chapel one can easily picture the Conqueror kneeling at prayer, at Westminster, in the Temple, at Smithfield, Cheapside, Clerkenwell, one can yet see how nobly and substantially the Norman Londoners could build for the Church, while they appear to have been content with wooden huts for their dwelling-houses.

Yet London only begins really to live and take shape for me when it becomes Mediæval, when, in fact, it becomes, broadly speaking, Chaucer's London. The City precincts, with its gates, its parishes, its lanes and market-places, now present themselves with familiar street-names, and we can see the citizens hurrying from their barely-furnished wooden houses, with ineffective chimneys, if any at all, and a plentiful lack of window, rarely glazed, to go about their business in crowded West Cheap, to be known later as Cheapside, the principal market-place, with its trading-sheds and hooths, and, in the midst, Queen Eleanor's Memorial Cross, used often as a place of execution, and the Conduit for the City water-supply from the Tyburn. Each side-lane is given over exclusively to some particular trade, which is to name the locality for always, as Bread Street, Milk Street, Friday Street, devoted to the Friday's fish, Ironmonger Lane, Honey Lane, the Poultry, and so on. No wheel-traffic is in the streets, for the coach is not yet, but the horse-litter is for the wealthy and luxurious. Crowds assemble on the slightest pretext; but the mediæval Londoner has much to draw him out of doors, and little comfort to keep him at home. Shows of all kinds are common in the streets; royal and civic pageants, ecclesiastical processions, executions, minstrels, dancers, and all sorts of tumults. Tournaments are held in Cheap and Smithfield—or Smoothfield—a great

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market and race-course for horses, as well as a place of horrible deaths by burning. Across the Thames by the ancient bridge, with its two rows of houses, its chapel, and its traitors' heads on the further gate-tower, we reach Southwark, where, at the Tabard in the High Street, we may see Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims setting out for Canterbury. The emotional side of life, too, we see the builders expressing through the exquisite graces of Gothic, so that priories with beautiful churches arise, some

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Although much bigger than Chaucer's London, compared with the vast metropolis of our own day it must have been but a pocket London that Shakespeare knew, yet, when we think of the poet going about his theatrical activities or his social relaxations in localities of which the names are as familiar to-day as Blackfriars, Whitehall, Great St Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, Cheapside, St Paul's Churchyard, Bankside, Gray's Inn and the Temple, we are like to forget how very little is left of the actual London that Shakespeare's eyes looked upon. There are old landmarks he would, of course, recognise, but how bewildered he would be to find near the river at Chelsea that sumptuous Crosby House, which he had left standing in Bishopsgate Street, as it had stood since 1466, and he had even mentioned in one of his plays!

It is Shakespeare's London, indeed, that stands out so clearly for us in the fascinating pages of that pioneer and master of London archaeologists, good old John Stow, who, in his immortal Survey of 1598, revised in 1603, to which I have already alluded, tells us, with vivid human interest, almost all we can want to know about every street, ward and parish, every river, hourn and well, every building sacred or secular, and of the notable persons who had lived, or were then living, their lives in and about it. And if he tells us nothing of the tavern life, nothing of the Mermud, the Boar's Head, the Mitre, and the rest, do we not get the humours of London life, and all "human nature's daily food" as the Elizabethan Londoners relished it, hot from Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's plays?

The Globe Theatre on the Bankside, which you see in Visscher's View of London in 1616, is not the actual building in which Shakespeare acted, for that was burnt down three years earlier, but you may see it in the little view at the top right-hand corner of Speed's Map of Middlesex,

engraved by Jodocus Hondius in 1610 But Visscher shows us how close the open country was to the heart of the City, in which great nobles, as well as wealthy merchants, had their residences Fancy stately mansions of aristocratic owners in Thames Street! "Fair houses" is Stow's constant description, as he takes us about the City We know how narrow and dirty the streets were according to our modern ideas, and we can imagine it must have been something of a squeeze when the farthingales and the trunk hose came to passing in any numbers, yet Paul Hentzner, a contemporary visitor, says, "the streets in this city are very handsome and clean," and he is as enthusiastic as Stow about Goldsmiths' Row, in Cheapside, "the most beautiful frame of fair houses and shops that be within the walls of London, or elsewhere in England" Cheapside, by the way, as you see by Mr Thorp's model, had developed considerably since Chaucer's day Shakespeare and his fellow poets and wits, as they came from the Mermaid, must often have looked at those fourteen wonderful shops with their displays of gold and silver vessels, for they were "betwixt Bread Street end (where the Mermaid stood) and the Cross in Cheape" Indeed the gold and silver smiths of London must have been extraordinary in those days, for an earlier traveller—a Venetian nobleman, writing to the Senate in 1500, says "the most remarkable thing in London is the quantity of wrought silver" He counted fifty two goldsmiths' shops in one street leading to St Paul's, "so rich and full of silver vessels, great and small, that in all the shops in Milan, Rome, Venice, and Florence put together, I do not think there would be found so many of the magnificence that are to be seen in London" And the goldsmiths were artists in those days, remember What would the contents of even one of those fifty two shops fetch nowadays at Christie's, I wonder?

By the light of existing local names we may trace the sites of Shakespeare's London haunts, especially with the assistance of that authoritative student, Mr Fairman Ordish We shall find a great brewery where once stood the famous Globe, while a memory of the Blackfriars Theatre survives in Playhouse Yard, close to Printing House Square Then, embarking at the Paris Garden Stairs, let us follow Mr Ordish in a barge with Shakespeare and his company up the river to Whitehall, where the players are to perform at the Cockpit before Queen Elizabeth and her court From the ancient, forbidding Baynard's Castle onwards, we shall not recognise a single building that we pass, except, perhaps, the beautiful hall of the Middle Temple, the "bricky towers," of Spenser's verse, "The which on Themmes brode igned back doe ryde, Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers" but all the way along the northern shore we shall see stately palaces and gardens, and inviting stairs, and on the busy river our eyes shall be gratified with the sight of many craft, sailing boats up from the sea,

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stately barges with many rowers, wherries, with the watermen singing, and, amid all the diverse colour of costume, innumerable white swans. The Thames is the great highway for London traffic, roads are dreadfully bad, and coaches, ponderous, creaky, jolting, springless things, are not yet in fashionable favour. Even the queen prefers to let hers go along without her, while she follows on horseback.

The buildings of Whitehall Palace fronted the river, roughly speaking, from Charing Cross to Westminster, and there were four landing places, where all day long boats were coming and going for the business or pleasure of the Court. The palace, with the private apartments of the queen and her ladies and courtiers, the state and domestic quarters, the courtyards, gardens and orchard, reached from the river to St James's Park, with a roadway running through it from Charing Cross up to an imposing structure known as the Holbein Gate, designed and decorated by the painter, which stood where Parliament Street begins till the middle of the eighteenth century. Across the road were the Tiltyard and the Cockpit, where the theatre was. Scotland Yard, now synonymous with the Metropolitan Police, was a palace where the Scottish kings and queens were housed when they came to visit London. Nothing at all remains of Elizabeth's Whitehall, for Inigo Jones's beautiful Banqueting Hall is, of course, of James I's time. The great modern palaces of imperial business now, for the most part, cover the ground where the "Virgin Queen" drew about her, in an atmosphere of pageantry, intrigue and dalliance, those courtiers, statesmen, captains and poets who make those "spacious times" of such glorious memory.

Although the expansion of England began in Elizabeth's reign, she tried vainly to prevent the expansion of London, as did her successor. Royal ordinances could not stop London's growth, nothing could, and the Renaissance brought fresh inspiration to the builders. The architectural reign of Inigo Jones began in James I's reign, and under the more cultured ægis of Charles I that great architect had fuller scope and influence. No longer could the Venetian nobleman I have quoted write, as he did in Henry VII's reign, that there were no buildings in the Italian style, but only timber or brick like the French. Domestic London was beginning to spread beyond the bounds of the City proper, and Inigo Jones was building private houses of large and beautiful design inspired by Italian Renaissance ideals, such as we may see to-day in Lindsey House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the ground plot of which square, as Leigh Hunt tells us, the architect set out according to the exact dimensions of the base of one of the Egyptian pyramids. It was a time of encouragement for the artists, and it is pleasanter to think of Charles conferring with Jones as to his plans for the splendid palace he was never destined to build, or going in his barge from Whitehall to Blackfriars to visit Van Dyck in his house there, than of the later scenes of tumult and tragedy.

which London saw before the King passed through the Banqueting Hall to the scaffold

The development of London was arrested by the Civil War, but with the Restoration the town seemed to acquire a new vitality. The Great Fire of 1666, burning some thirteen thousand houses in the very heart of the City, as we may see by the blank space in Hollar's contemporary plan, practically marked the end of mediæval London, and the inception of a more modern London followed naturally. When it came to rebuilding, and the genius of Wren was available, although his plans for a splendid new city, on lines radiating from the Royal Exchange as a centre, were, perhaps unregrettably, not carried out, the old local ideas of residence changed, and fashion turned away from the City and bent its steps westward. The neighbourhood of the Court and St James's Park, where the King and his Court frivelled and disported, was attractive, and Pall Mall with St James's Street and Square, and Piccadilly with Bond Street and its other tributaries, came into being. Bloomsbury developed, and its Square was much thought of. "Din'd at my Lord Treasurers the Earl of Southampton, in Blomesbury, where he was building a whole Square or Piazza, a little Towne," wrote Evelyn in 1665, and it was here eighteen years later that, but for King Charles's veto, they would have beheaded the earl's son-in-law, Lord William Russell, in front of his own house, instead of in Lincoln's Inn Fields, already a square of much distinction. Such a square arose also in Soho Fields, so-called from the cry of the huntsmen heard constantly in the locality. The King had transferred the land to the Duke of Monmouth, who had evidently tired of his lodging at Whitehall and his house in Bishopsgate, hence the building of Monmouth House and aristocratic Soho Square. Few only of the original houses in these streets and squares stand to-day, yet with what a vivid intimacy we seem to know Charles II's London, thanks above all to Samuel Pepys, with his curious zest of the multifarious life of his day. Had we never known—though, thank goodness, we do know—the lively and amusing "Memoirs" of De Grammont, and the restrained but informing diaries of the grave and learned John Evelyn, if Macaulay had never written that searching third chapter of his History, we could still walk about Carolian London without feeling strangers, as long as we had the living touch of Pepys to vivify for us the scenes in the streets, the parks, the pleasure-gardens, the shops, the theatres, the taverns, the coffee-houses, the studios of the artists, the workshops, the shipyards, the churches, as well as the precincts of the palace and the apartments of the magnates. The genial Navy Secretary's range seems to have had no limits, and everywhere he found the greatest interest and pleasure of his life. With him we watch the Great Fire spreading from day to day, and we see the beginnings of London's rebuilding, and get into personal touch with his friend Christopher Wren,

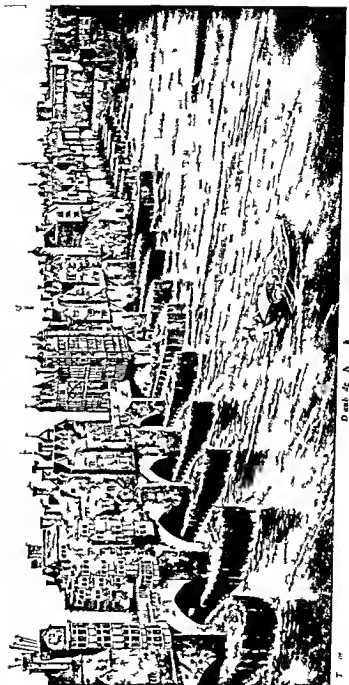
INTRODUCTION

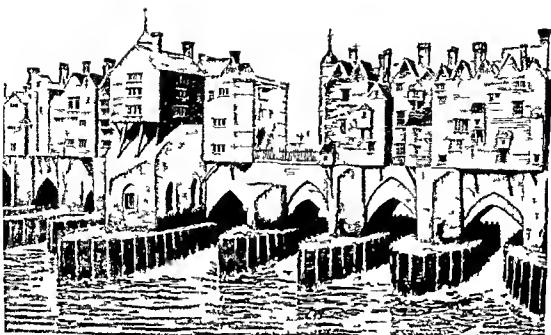
certainly the most original, resourceful, and successful designer that ever tackled the architectural problems of London, whose prodigious work and extensive influence we now see everywhere in beautiful buildings. With the reign of Queen Anne the fascinating eighteenth century begins, and gives us a "period" of architectural and decorative charm. Here is the London of the "Tatler" and the "Spectator", the streets, crowded with big coaches and sedan-chairs, resounding with those "cries" which, on Addison's authority, we know always kept Sir Roger de Coverley awake all night during the first week of his coming to town, though Will Honeycomb preferred them to the sounds of larks and nightingales. This is the London of the heavily-bewigged wits and beaux, the coffee-houses, and the mug-house clubs, the London of Gay's "Trivia, or, the Art of Walking in the Streets of London"—a difficult art with "the swelling hoop's capacious round," Pope's "dear, damn'd, distracting town," where at the play and the masquerade the "fine gentlemen" cause such frequent brawls that a company of the Guards must attend at the Opera House on every masquerade night. Wren is still building St Paul's, but he is also building charming dwelling-houses, and the beautiful Orangery for the Queen at Kensington Palace. Those graciously-fronted houses are still built in the Early Georgian days, while Kneller and the rest are painting their stiff portraiture, but, strange to say, as the eighteenth century gets on in years, and great English painters and engravers arise, and the furniture makers are designing things of grace and beauty, and literature is shedding its classic formalities and tending towards a more real expressiveness, London architecture is on the artistic decline. Up to the middle of the century, however, there is still a certain charm and distinction in the houses, especially when built in "Rows" or "Squares" or "Circuses," and, a little later, the Brothers Adam are making a brave diversion in London architecture with elegance and a distinctive style.

Yet the social life of the period is anything but dull, never, indeed, was it gayer, more buoyant and elegant in manner, more extravagant, and fuller of the zest of pleasure. This is the London we know so intimately through Horace Walpole, Mrs Delany, Fanny Burney, and the countless chroniclers, letter-writers, diarists and newspapers, as well as the novelists and comedy-writers of the period, the London of Hogarth, of Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Dr Johnson's London, Garrick's, Goldsmith's, Sheridan's, the *Bluestockings*, and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire's. It is the London, ripe for any new sensation, that goes mad over the beautiful Gunning sisters, both before and after they are "countessed and double-duchessed," to quote Walpole, as later, it is ready to mob the lovely Duchesses of Devonshire, Rutland, Gordon, and the rest, when, in the Mall, or at Vauxhall, they vie with each other in modish extravagances. Besides the Opera House, there are only three theatres

that count ; but fashionable society, when it is not playing *faro* for enormous stakes, will pursue pleasure elegantly amid the masquerades at Carlisle House, or the Pantheon (still existing in Oxford Street), or at pleasant Ranelagh, with its wonderful Rotunda ; or, taking boat to pretty Vauxhall Gardens, with its walks, its groves, its Gothic orchestra, its pavilions and alcoves, will there sup, parade, frolic or philander, careless of being stared at by the "cits," who have for the nonce forsaken their Bagnigge Wells or Marylebone Gardens to ruh shoulders with the "fashionables."

As the eighteenth century draws to a close and mēges in the nineteenth, the remaining picturesque gabled houses of the olden times become fewer and fewer, and, as the town spreads, plain brick façades, making no pretension to beauty or elegance, are the architectural order of the day. Yet there is plenty of colour among the costumes in the streets, and always life and character. Let Charles Lamb give us a glimpse of his own particular London in 1800. "Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the streets with spectacles . . . lamps lit at night, pastry-cooks' and silversmiths' shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk ; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of 'Fire!' and 'Stop thief!' Inns of Court, with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges ; old bookstalls. . . . These are thy pleasures, O London ! with thy many sins," so Elia apostrophises. But Carlton House and St. James's Street take their pleasures differently, though to me, perhaps, not so appealingly. However, with the Regency, stucco began its nefarious career, which marred Nash's Regent Street, and accounted for much of the Early Victorian street ugliness we have suffered so long. Yet even to that we have got accustomed—and it was Dickens' and Thackeray's London, too, that was so stuccoed ; but when in time it has all disappeared, I shall not regret it, as I regret the dear old brick houses—but shall welcome the new buildings—as long as they are becoming to their position. For, after all, it is a very new London we are living in, its aspect changing every day, electric "picture palaces" all over it—Tube railway stations—what next ?





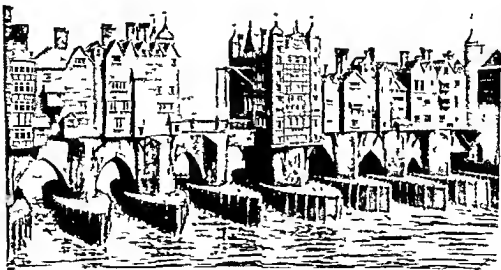
OLD LONDON BRIDGE SHOWING LONDON SQUARE AND REMAINS OF ST THOMAS'S CHAPEL
From a medal by John B. Thorpe in the London Museum



OLD LONDON BRIDGE CITY END WITH ST MAGNUS CHURCH
From a medal by John B. Thorpe in the London Museum



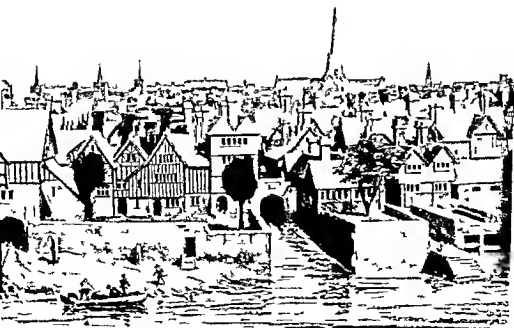
OLD LONDON BRIDGE SOUTHWARK END SHOWING HEADS OVER TRAITORS GATE
(From a model by John B. Thorpe in the London Museum)



OLD LONDON BRIDGE NORTHWARK END SHOWING NORSUCH HOUSE AND DRAWER GATE
(From a model by John B. Thorpe in the London Museum)



BLACKFRIARS STARS ST PAULS IN THE BACKGROUND
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the London Museum)



PUDDLE DOCK BLACKFRIARS ST PAULS IN THE BACKGROUND
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the London Museum)



BR DEWELL PALACE AND BLACKFRIARS MONASTERY AT ENTRANCE TO FLEET RIVER
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the London Museum)



BAYNARD'S CASTLE CONTEMPORARY WITH THE TOWER OF LONDON
From a model by John B. Thorp in the London Museum



The Cross

The Conduit

Bow Church

(From a model by John B. Thorp
in the London Museum)

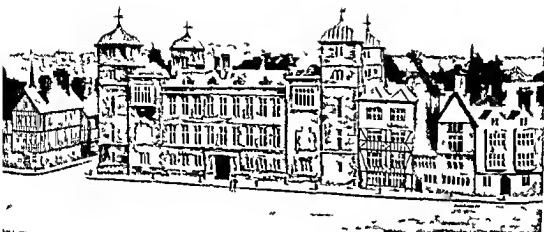
CHEAPSIDE 1580 SHOWING NORTH SIDE ELEANOR CROSS
ON LEFT AND BOW CHURCH IN FOREGROUND



THE CROSS CHEAPS DE. OPPOSITE WOOD STREET AND ST. PETER'S CHURCH
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the London Museum)



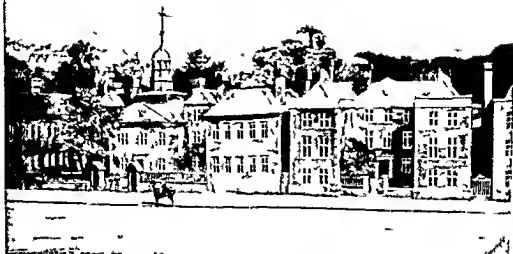
THE CONDUIT CHEAPSIDE OPPOSITE MONEY LANE
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the London Museum)



SUFFOLK HOUSE CHARNO CROSS AFTERWARDS CALLED NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the London Museum)



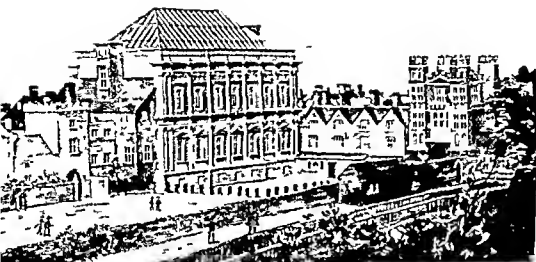
SCOTLAND PALACE CHARNO CROSS SHOOTER'S HILL IN THE DISTANCE
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the London Museum)



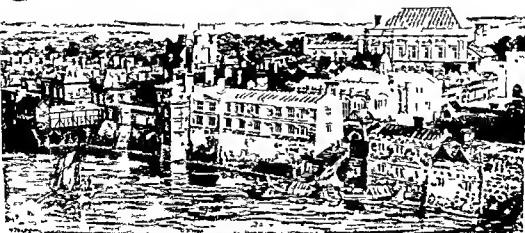
THE HORSE GUARDS AND WALLINGFORD HOUSE CHANCING CROSS
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the London Museum)



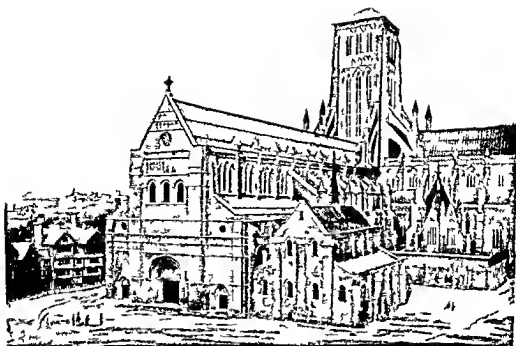
SPRING GARDENS CHANCING CROSS ST JAMES'S PARK IN THE BACKGROUND
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the London Museum)



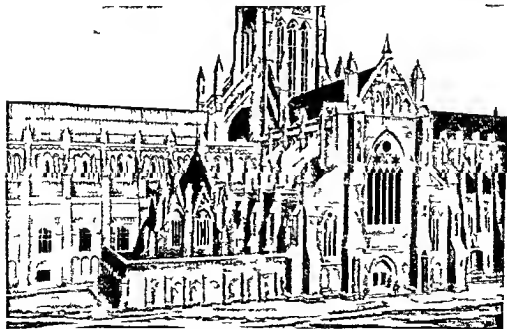
BANQUETING HALL AND HOLBEIN GATE WHITEHALL. TILTYARD IN FOREGROUND
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the Royal United Service Institution)



THE PALACE OF WHITEHALL. PRIVY STAIRS TO LEFT AND WHITEHALL STAIRS IN CENTRE
(From a model by John B. Thorp in the Royal United Service Institution)

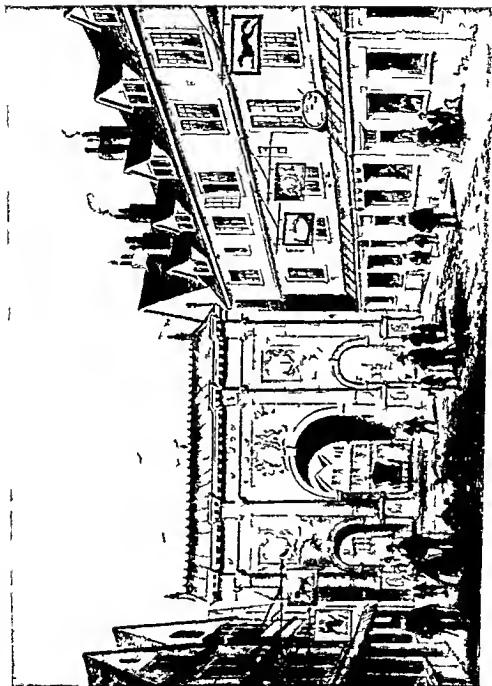


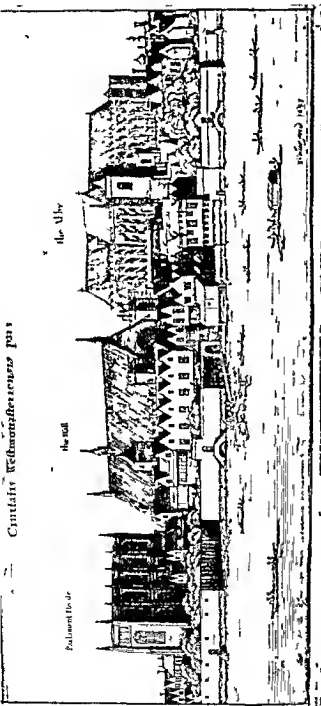
OLD ST PAUL'S WEST END SHOWING ST GREGORY'S CHURCH AND CHAPTER HOUSE
From a model by John B. Thompson in the London Museum



OLD ST PAUL'S SOUTH SIDE SHOWING CHAPTER HOUSE AND SOUTH TRANSEPT
From a model by John B. Thompson in the London Museum







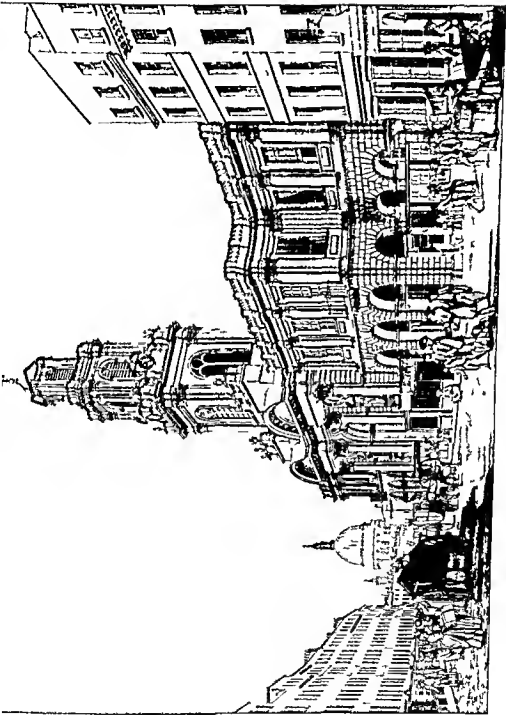
(From a print in the British Museum)

VIEW OF WESTMINSTER FROM THE RIVER 1847 SHOWING PARLIAMENT
HOUSE HALL AND ABBEY ETCHING BY WENCESLAUS HOLLAR

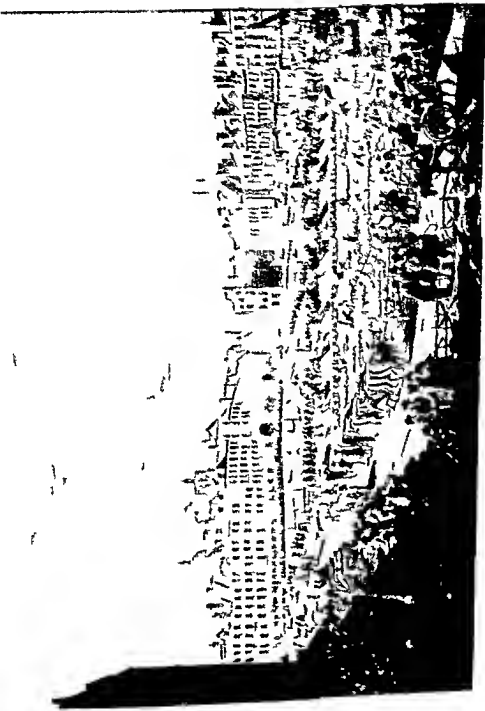


(From a print in the British Museum)

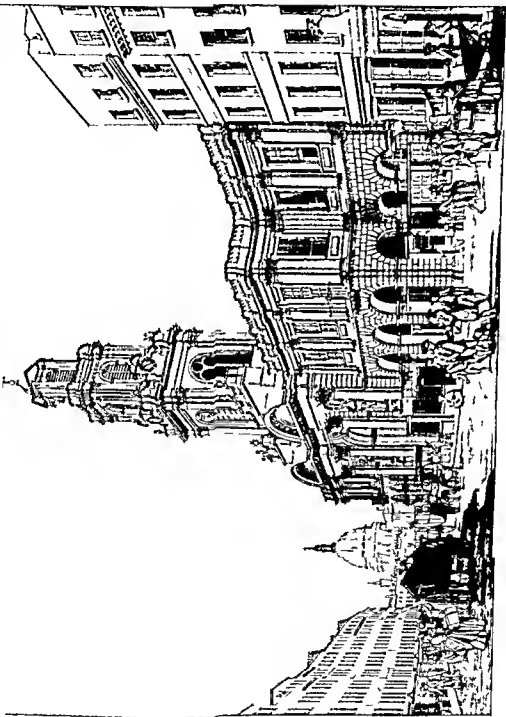
HOLLAR'S MAP OF LONDON 1866 SHOWING THE AREA DEVASTATED BY THE GREAT FIRE



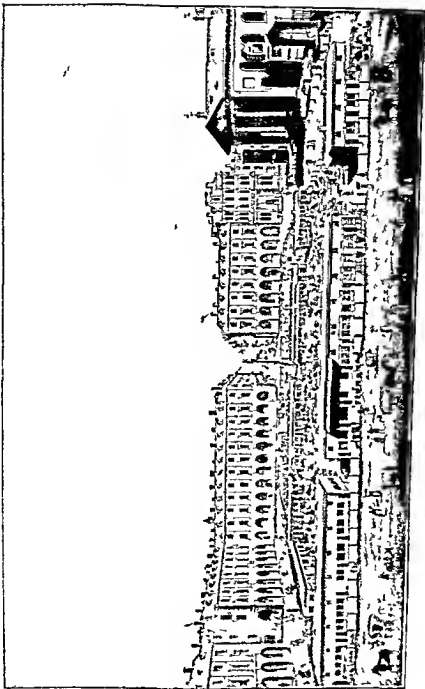
(From a print in the possession
of Mr Francis Hurvey)



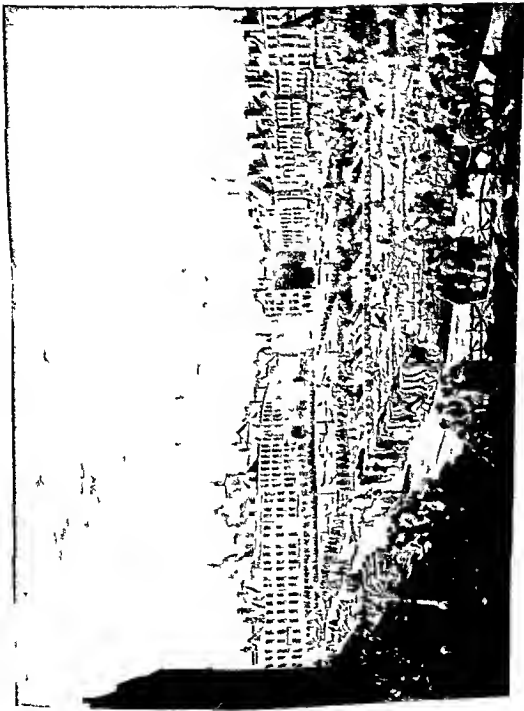
SM THE ELD MARKET FROM THE BEAR AND RAGGED STAFF
AQUAT NT BY 8 UCK AFTER A PUG N AND T ROWLANDSON



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Francis Harvey)

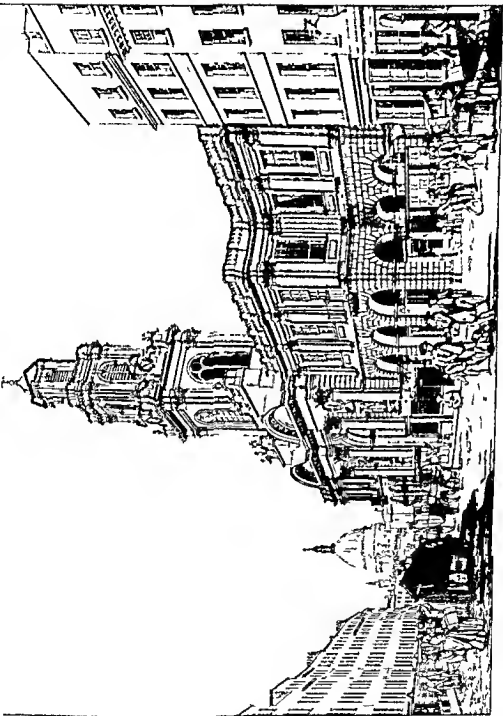


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of Messrs. Kohn & Co.)



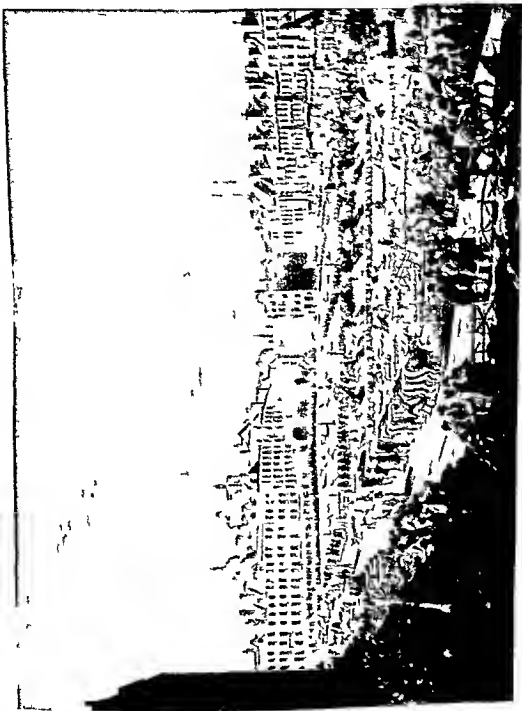
From a photo of the
at the market

SM THE ELD MARKET FROM THE BEAR AND RAGGED STAFF
AQUAT NT BY BLUCK AFTER A PUG N AND T ROWLANDSON

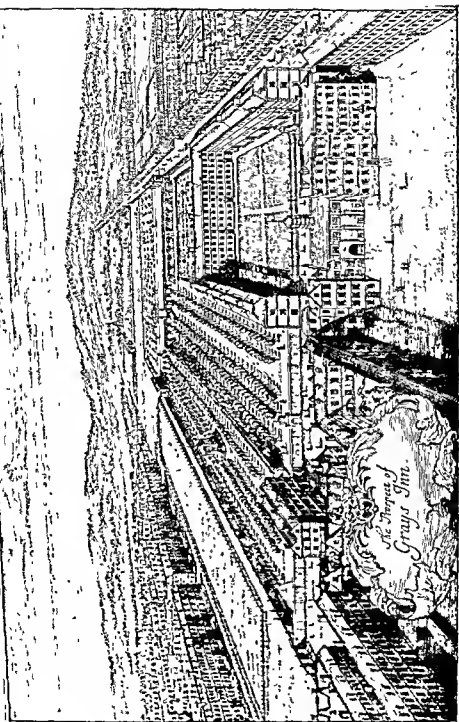


THE ROYAL EXCHANGE 1781 AQUATINT BY THOMAS MALTON

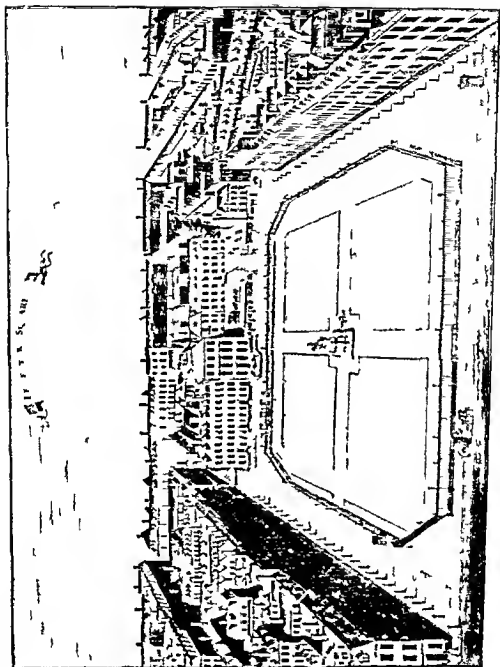
(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Francis Harvey)



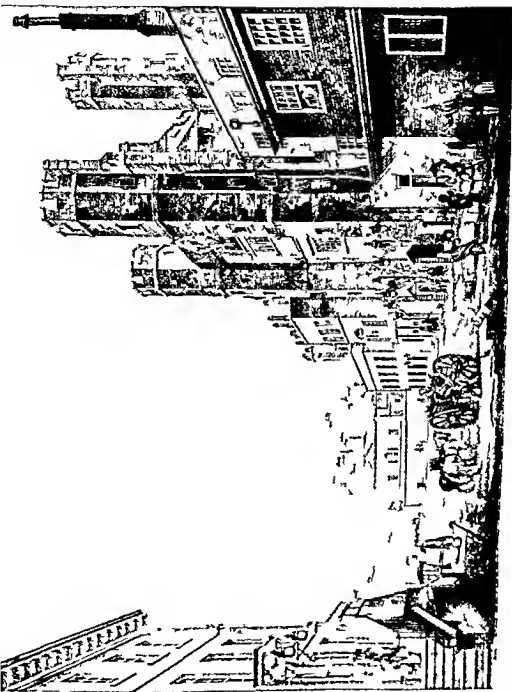
SMITHFIELD MARKET FROM THE BEAR AND RAGGED STAFF
ACQUAINT BY BLUCK AFTER A PUGN AND T ROWLANDSON



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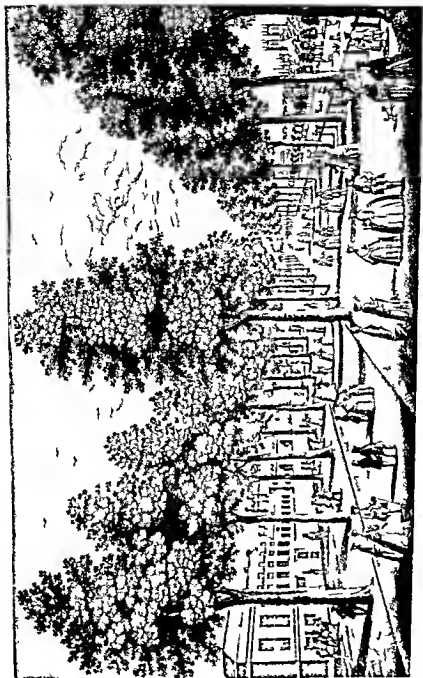


Engraved by J. H. St. John
from a drawing by J. H. St. John



VIEW OF ST JAMES'S GATE, FROM CLEVELAND ROW. 766
ENGRAVED BY EDWARD ROOKER AFTER PAUL SANDBY

*I was a friend of his from the time
of 1817 to 1820. (1818)*

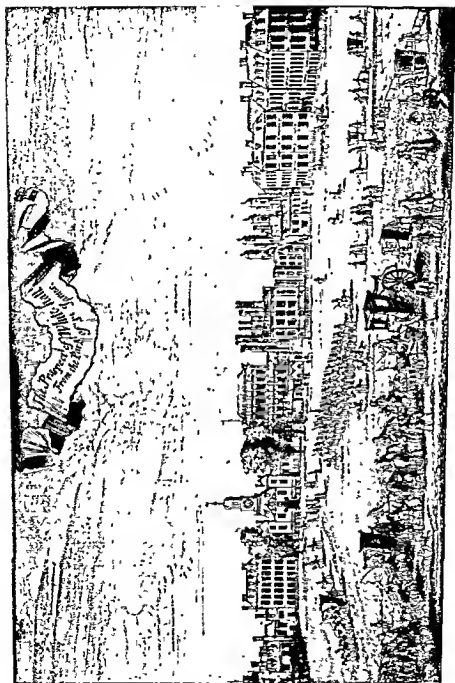


ST. AMESBURY AND THE MALL 5 ENGRAVED BY H. ROBERTS

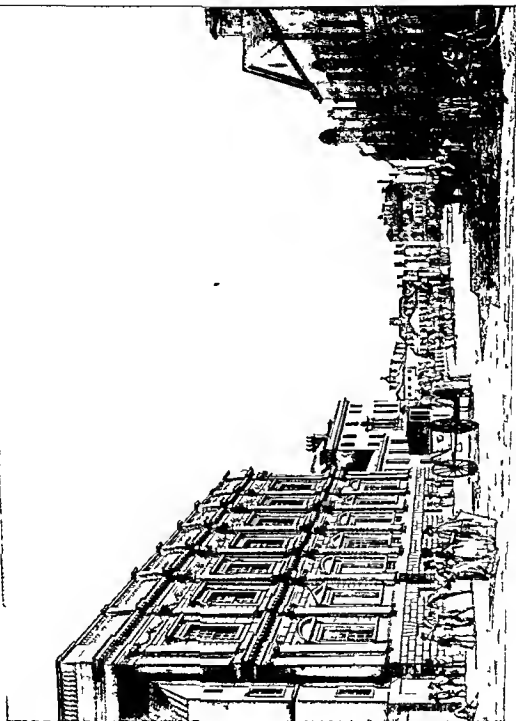
From a photograph of
the New England



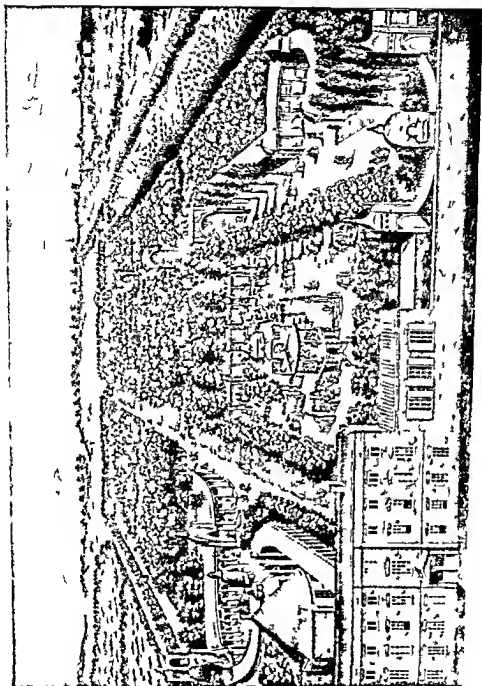
From a print in the possession
of Messrs. Robson & Co.



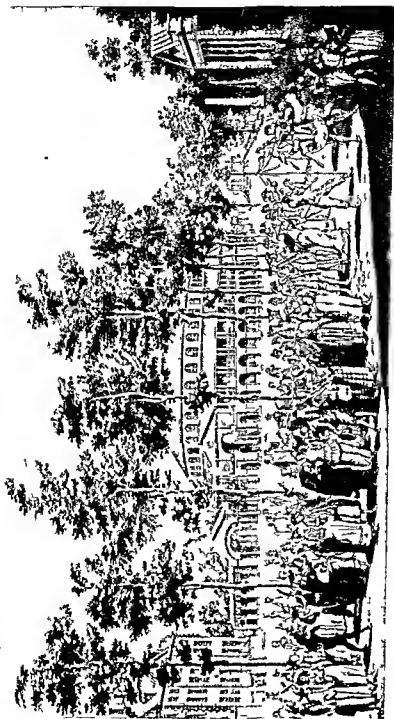
(From a print in the possession
of Messrs. Robins & Co.)



(A view of the front of the
of Mr Francis Harvey)



(From a print in the possession
of Messrs. E. & C.)



[From a print in the possession
of Messrs. R. & Co.]

ROTUNDA HOUSE AND GARDENS AT RANELAGH 1751 ENGRAVING BY R. PARR

MODERN LONDON: THE RIVER AND BRIDGES

THE Thames at Greenwich, with London in the misty smoke-enwreathed distance, seen from the gravel-path on the high ground just below the Observatory, is a prospect of spacious beauty and infinite suggestion, in which one may see City and river first brought into pictorial relation—a subject of constant appeal to the artist. The green slopes of the Park, with the browsing deer, and the bird's-eye view of the buildings beyond, that front the river with so much grandeur, suggest a panorama of localised history, in which Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and Charles II figure prominently. On the noble reach of river that winds before us, where now we see the heavily laden Thames barges with their picturesque brown sails, the ocean steamers passing up and down, to or from the various docks, here and there a strenuously-rowed skiff or a busy steam tug, and in summer-time the half-hourly steamer that brings the foreign tourists and the occasional holiday-makers to see the famous Painted Hall with the Nelson relics, one may picture very different scenes of the past, when the river was the daily highway for general trade and travel between London and the south, and Greenwich as a royal residence and happy hunting-ground attracted a constant river traffic of rich and gay company, with frequent pageantry of stately voyaging. We may catch a glimpse of Mr Pepys honoured by a seat in King Charles's barge, wherein they discuss navy matters, or of Mr Evelyn coming down from London with Sir Christopher Wren, in King William's time, to plan out the noble buildings of the hospital for seamen "broke in our wars", while, further ahead, imagination will show us, sailing or anchored before us, a wealth of splendid and beautiful wooden ships of war or merchant service. But with every picture, from our vantage ground we see London in the distance spreading out further and further, the silhouette of St Paul's changing its form, the old tower with its tall spire giving place to the great dome, and between us, and it, the atmosphere becomes smokier and noisier, as lofty chimneys rise from mighty factories, and monster docks grow for the reception of great steamships.

By day and by night the river compels its specific activities, and it is only as one travels by boat along the Thames, or visits the docks and wharves, or wanders among the river side streets, that one realises the vast amount of diverse labour exacted by those who go down to the sea in ships, and those who come back from the sea in ships. All the way up from Greenwich to London the river and its two shores teem with interest for mind and vision. Comparatively few big sailing vessels one sees of the charming old type I remember as so numerous in my boyhood. The trading steamers, with their foreign names and ports and strange sailors, loading or unloading at the wharves, jerking the mind suddenly to far-away places, suggest the universality of London commerce.

As we pass Deptford, anciently West Greenwich, on the left, we look on it as a place with a past. It is busy enough, but its glory departed with its famous naval dockyard, it has memories, however, of John Evelyn and Peter the Great, and, accidentally, of splendid Kit Marlowe, killed there in a tavern quarrel. To-day the Foreign Cattle Market stands where for three centuries the "wooden walls" of England were built. Limehouse, on the opposite shore, is one of the most characteristic and picturesque bits of the Thames-side, and, since Whistler found it pictorially when he saw and interpreted the river as none had ever done, it has always made its appeal to the artist. Close to the entrance to the great West India Docks we get glimpses of real old world Thames side houses, with the Harbour-master's most quaintly picturesque, curiously irregular, ramshackle-looking old places, with queer stairs and balconies, suggesting strange aspects of life, concerned with the incoming and outgoing of ships and the faring of river-craft. Anything, one imagines, might happen here, the most sensational adventure were possible. Rotherhithe across the river has its picturesque bits too, Wapping also, with its old tumble-down-looking houses, the very name suggesting the seamen and watermen of a bygone age. All these villages that have grown into towns of the Thames side, with their wharves and warehouses, and innumerable cranes—the symbol of easy power—and their active contact with the shipping and trade of the world, how interesting they are,—a world of their own—and how far remote they seem from the London one lives in! And all these river-side folk, these wharfingers, and ship's handlers, and men of the tug and the barge, longshoremen, stevedores, are utterly unconscious that in their daily and nightly labours and surroundings they are pictorially interesting.

The Pool is always fascinating, whether the clouds are troubled in the sky, making queer lights and shadows, and the wind is playing briskly over the rough water, or it is a "light that shrouds a summer sky with gold," and all is calm, shipping, warehouses and wharves, tugs and barges, all the significance of the Thames is here expressive. And more and more eloquent does this grow as we approach the Tower Bridge. Curiously unbeautiful, yet appropriately designed for its purpose and its propinquity to the ancient fortress that once was London's defence, this "Gateway of the City" is strangely unimpressive, especially at dusk or dawn. But to realise the full meaning of the Tower Bridge, you must walk over it from the Middlesex to the Surrey side and back, looking up and down river, you must see the roadway slowly open upward from the centre to allow the passage of a large steamship, and you must feel the eyes of the centuries watching from the Tower. Does the Tower look as imposing from the river as it did before it had the bridge so close to it? Does not the historic pile seem to have lost something of its majesty of proportion in comparison with the height and reach of the bridge? Yet there it stands,

THE RIVER AND BRIDGES

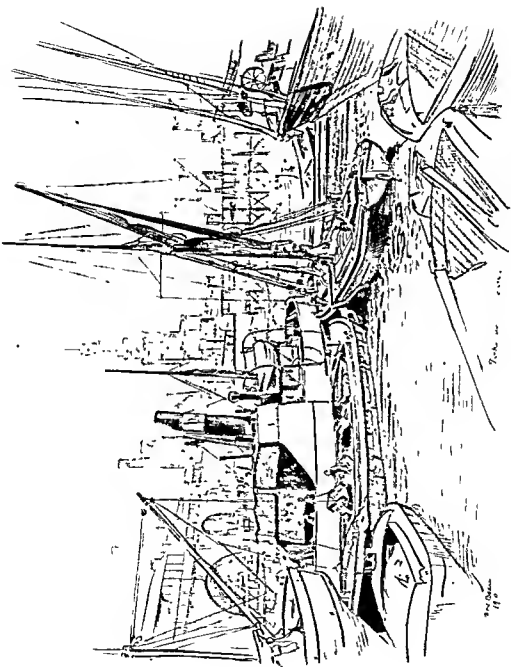
a glorious relic of mighty sovereignty, picturesquely commanding the river, with its centuries of history to flaunt in the face of the parvenu bridge. But the river and the Tower have tragic secrets and memories between them, and as we pass along in the twilight we may guess at some of them, and fancy we see hapless queens and princes, great nobles, prelates, statesmen and soldiers being brought in boat or barge to fatal Traitor's Gate. Passing the Custom House with a thought of England's inexhaustible resources, and Billingsgate, which, so long associated with only fish and bad language, was in Elizabeth's reign a market-port also for "oranges, onions, and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, grain of diverse sorts," we come to London Bridge, the very name of which to many Londoners suggests merely a railway station, while to others it stands for almost the history of London. One does not associate much in the way of momentous historic happenings with the fine broad bridge that now spans the Thames in London's name, bearing a constant roar and murmur of mammoth traffic, though often it means just the difference between catching and missing a train. Yet it is a structure worthy of its position and importance, and nowhere is the river aspect of greater and more vivid interest. Of course, fancy brings to view the picturesque old London Bridge with the houses upon it, which held its own for nearly eight hundred years, till it gave place in 1832 to the new bridge, which London has since outgrown and widened. Old Peter the priest built in 1176 better than he knew. Holbein lived on the bridge, I suppose when he was painting for the German merchants of the Steelyard, a little higher up the river. How full of interest is all this river-side! The Fishmongers' Hall we see is the third of its line, a most important line in the City's commerce. Along the opposite shore Shakespearean memories crowd, though the Bank-side, with its busy, noisy wharves and barges, suggests anything nowadays but poetic drama and Elizabethan players and playgoers in silks and velvets. However, Cannon Street railway bridge, straight, square, and businesslike, is before us with all the suggestive romance of steam and electricity, coal and iron, and next, Southwark Bridge, with its stone strength of pier and its iron grace of arch, carrying the traffic of the City across the river to the Borough.

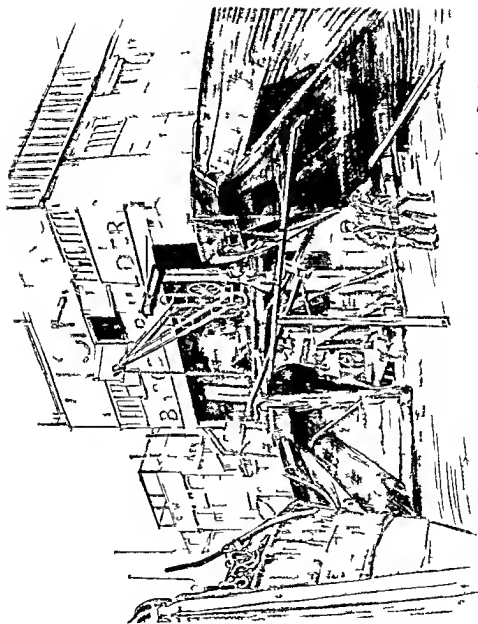
As we approach Blackfriars Bridge, with its railway companion, wharves and warehouses and the consequent barges and steam tugs are still the order of the day and night, and you shall still find historic wharves, such as Queenhithe, once the chief trading port of London, Three Cranes, Pauls, and Puddle Dock, just where you will find them marked in the maps and views of centuries ago. But once we pass the magnificent broad bridge, which has replaced the fine old structure of 1760, an altogether different scene is before us, for here the noble Embankment begins, with its wide tree-lined roadway, its terraces and stone pavements, and its palatial buildings stretching, with varying nobility and charm of

aspect, right up to the culminating splendour of the Houses of Parliament.

To realise all the poetic beauty of the river here, you must walk along the Embankment by night, when, glowing enchantingly amid the wonderful transparent depths of the night sky, are the myriad lights from the tall buildings—fairy palaces they look—on the one side; the more scattered lights of the opposite shore, which has not yet changed its old character; the regular line of Embankment lamps; occasional tugs, with their burden of barges, flashing red, green, and yellow lights like jewels; and withal wonder and mystery upon the waters. But day also has here its hours and moods of beauty and romance, when it will show you that there is no more beautiful succession of pictures to be found along the river than between Blackfriars and Lambeth Bridges. No “jolly young watermen” ply upon the waters as of old with sociable hirings in “trim-built wherries”; indeed there is now little craft except for strenuous use upon the river hereabout; but those old landmarks, Somerset House and the Temple, hold their own impressively among the splendid modern business and hotel palaces. Waterloo Bridge reaches its beauty of line and arch across the river; the Temple and Embankment Gardens remind us pleasantly that here of old were gardens; and beyond the utilitarian foot and railway bridge of Charing Cross, which replaced the picturesque old Hungerford Suspension Bridge, we see the gracious dignity of Westminster Bridge, with the towers and spires of Westminster, eloquent of British ideals, and the elegant Terrace and Victoria Gardens. Odd contrasts are St. Thomas’s Hospital and the venerable embattled Lambeth Palace of many historic memories, and it is strange to see sentries at each end of Lambeth’s graceful suspension bridge, where of old was the horse-ferry. But we have lingered too long in the lower reaches, and we must now hurry up river, passing the handsome Tate Gallery on the site of old Millbank Prison, giving, as we pass Vauxhall Bridge, a thought to the gay crowds that used to come by boat to revel at Vauxhall Gardens. Not even beautiful Chelsea Reach must detain us, with its elegant suspension bridge and the picturesque charm of its shores—the military hospital of good-hearted Nell Gwyn’s inspiration and Wren’s designing, old-world Cheyne Walk, and, opposite, the pleasant verdure of Battersea Park. We have no time to linger with memories of Turner and of Whistler and old Battersea and Putney Bridges—has not Whistler immortalised these for us?—nor may we stay to admire historic Hammersmith Mall or charming Chiswick Mall with the old houses; for, higher up, pretty Strand-on-the-Green is reminding us of Mr. Noyes’s song, “Go down to Kew in lilac time; it isn’t far from London.”



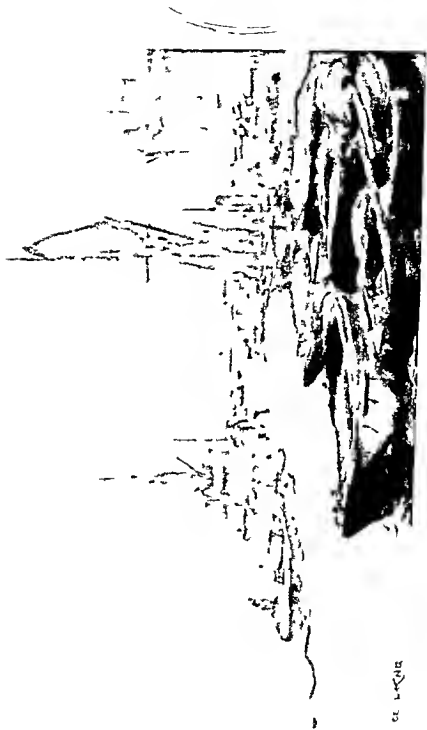




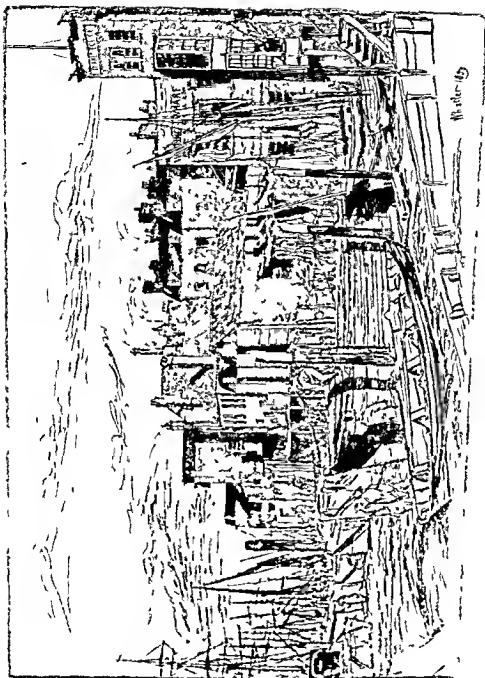
— New York —



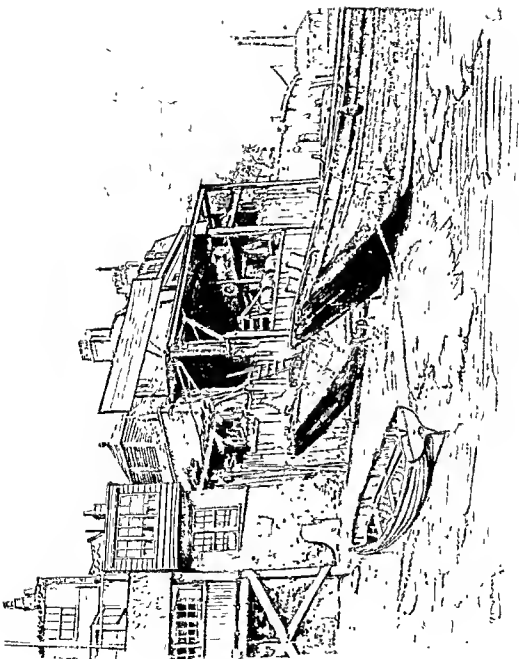
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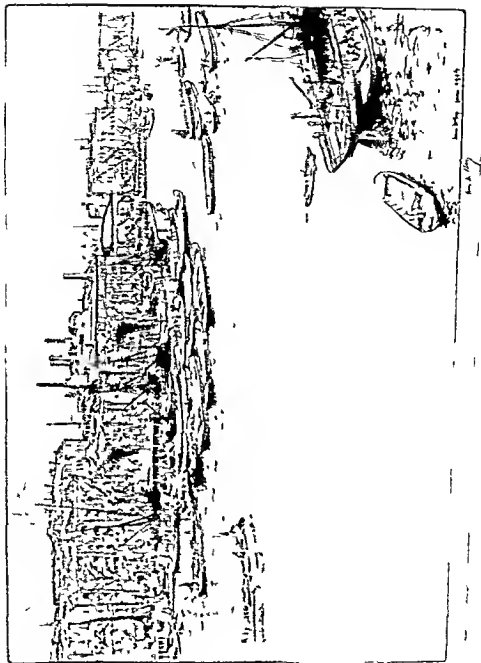


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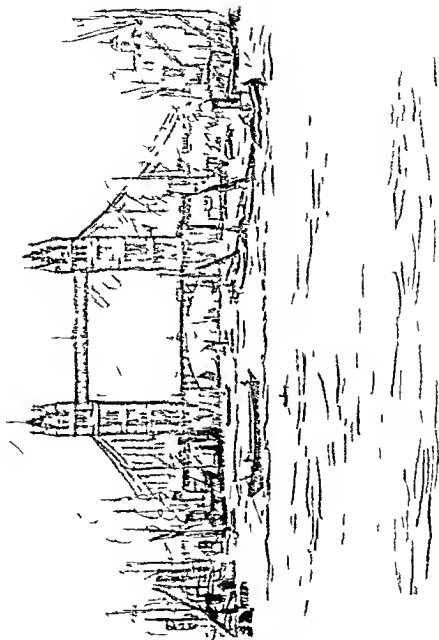
THAMES POLICE WAPPING WHARF 1889 FROM THE
THAMES SET ETCHING BY J. McNEILL WHISTLER

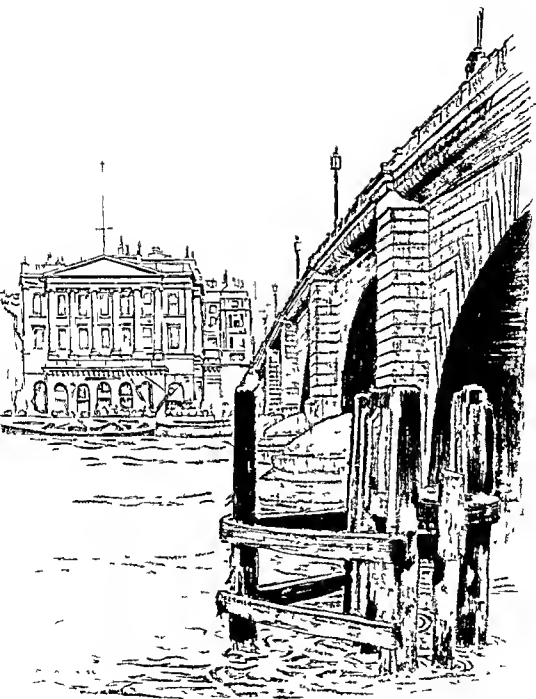


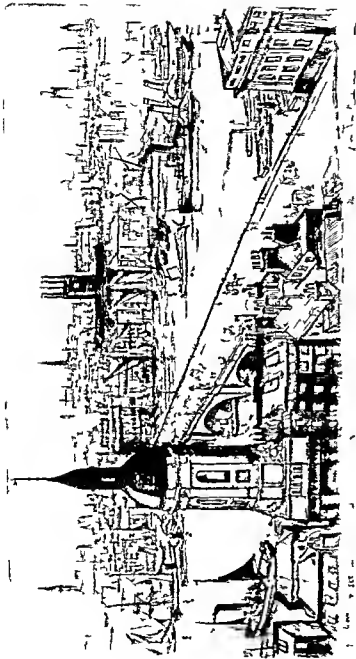


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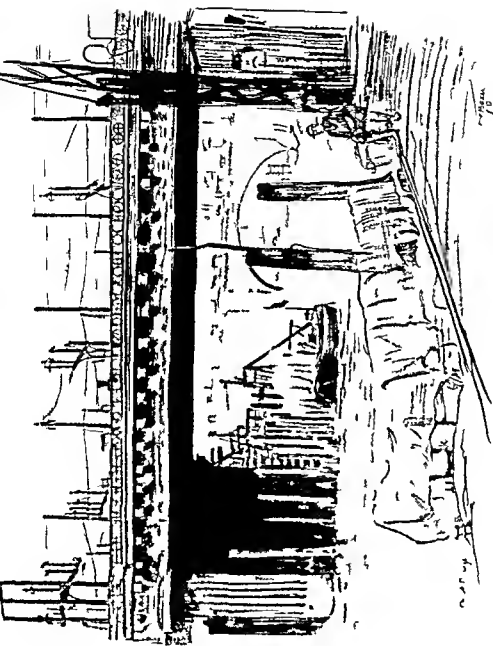


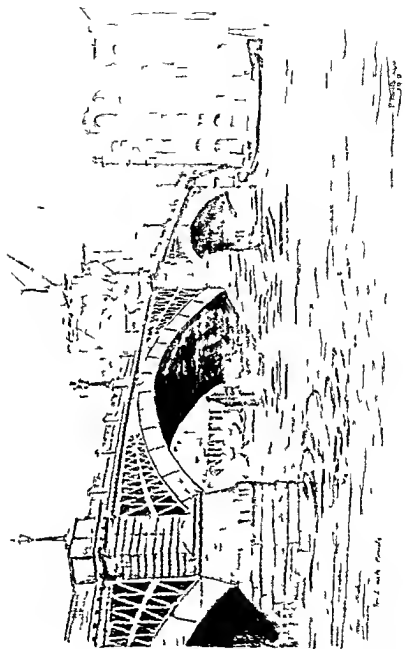




THE THAMES FROM THE MONUMENT
ETCHING BY EDGAR WILSON

From a sketch by
of the Twenty-first

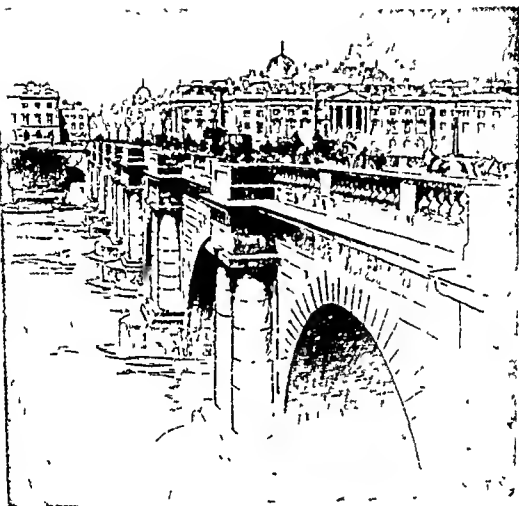






By John, one of the Paul, King
St. Mary, James Co. 25. See.





WATERLOO BRIDGE ETCH NO
PERCY ROBERTSON R.E.

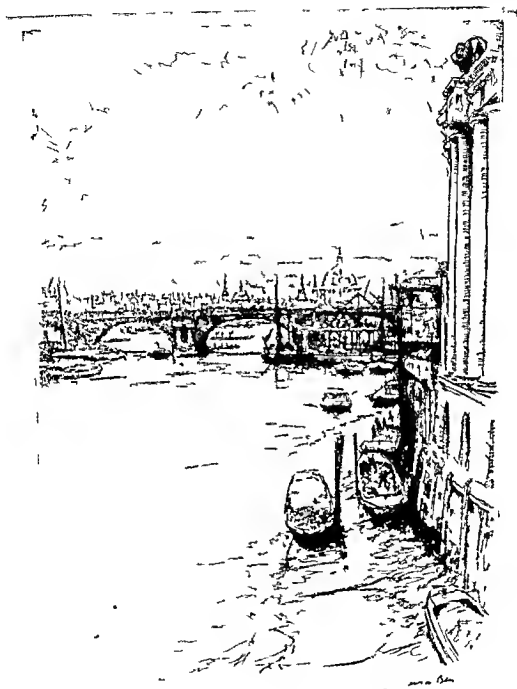
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W. F.

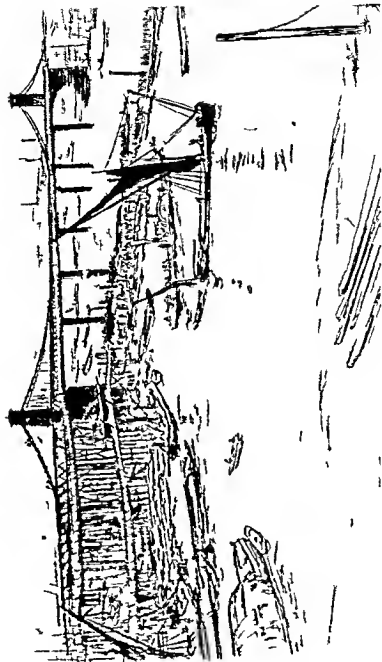


WATERLOO BRIDGE ETCHING
WILLIAM MONK R.E.

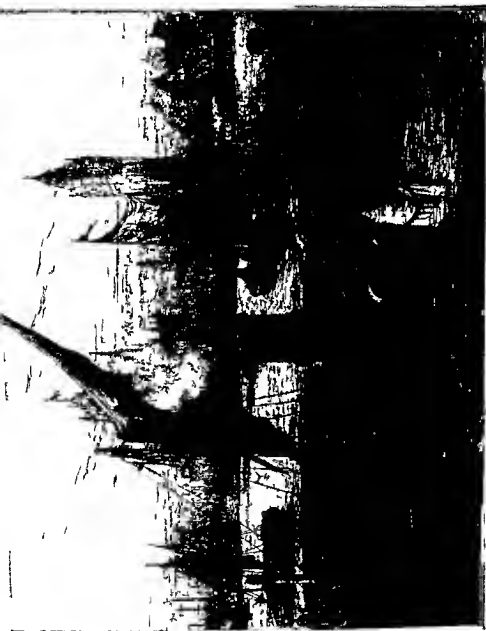


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THE LON BREWERY VIEW FROM CHAR NO
CROSS BR DGE ETCH NG BY JAMES M BEY

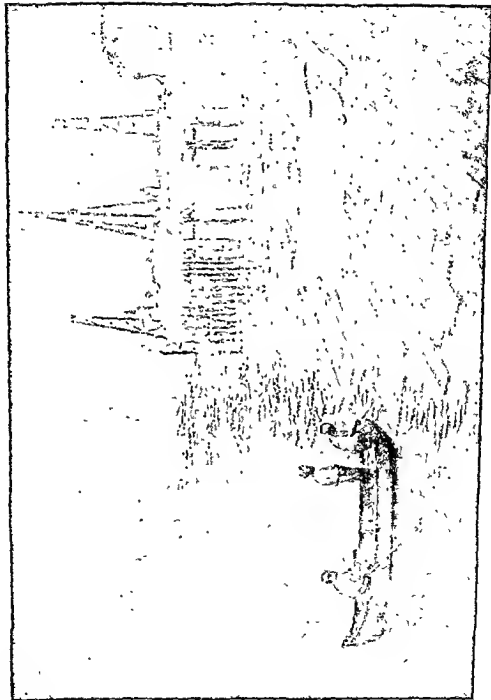


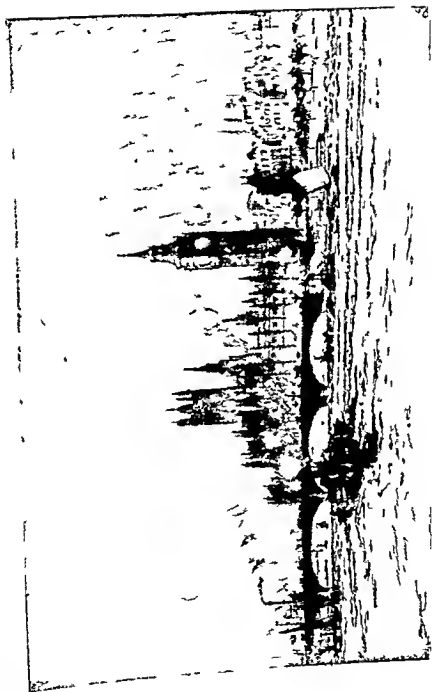
OLD HUNGERFORD BRIDGE FROM THE THAMES SET
ETCHING BY J. McNEILL WHISTLER



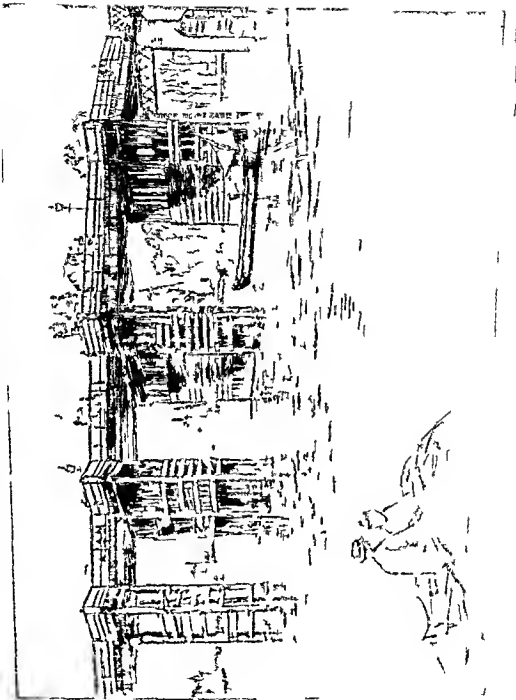
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 and 112 125th St New York Copy 241

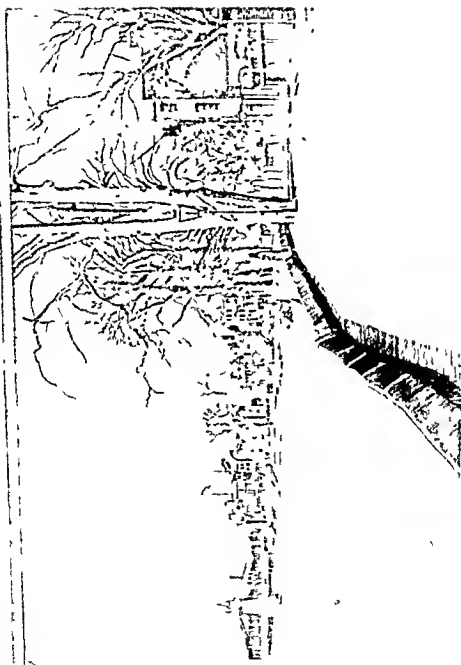
THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM CHARING CROSS
 ETCHING BY A. R. KEMPLEN





THE TOWERS OF WESTMINSTER ETCHING BY PERCY ROBERTSON R.E.







STRAND ON THE GREEN ETCHING
BY A. HUGH FISHER A.R.C.

CHURCHES

LONDON is extraordinarily rich in fine churches. If you look at Visscher's View of the City in 1616, you will see a remarkable cluster of spires and towers, bearing familiar names, but, though the Great Fire destroyed the majority of these, which Wren beautifully rebuilt, happily it spared a few, and these venerable churches, so intimately associated with the daily lives of old-time Londoners, are among our most precious relics of ancient London architecture. Just across London Bridge to the right lies the beautiful old church, known till lately as St Saviour's, now, since its restoration, as Southwark Cathedral, but in all the old maps you will find it called St Mary Overie. By that name Chaucer knew it, when his brother-poet and one time friend, John Gower, lived in the priory, and was buried in the church, as his fine tomb shows, by that name also Shakespeare knew it, and doubtless worshipped in it while he was living close by "within the liberty of the Clink," and saw his brother Edmond buried there, "with a forenoone Knelle of the great bell, 20r," as were his illustrious fellow-dramatists Fletcher and Massinger, and others of his theatre friends. In its earliest days a Norman church, the exquisite choir and retrochoir (now the Lady Chapel), dating from the beginning of the thirteenth century, show Early English Gothic in its perfection. The nave has been charmingly and reverently restored in the style of the fifteenth century, which is the period of the tower.

Close to the City end of the bridge, Wren's St Magnus the Martyr fills with dignity, crowned by an attractive steeple, the place of the ancient church one sees in all the picturings of London Bridge before the Fire, but now we have a number of very old and famous churches to visit in this neighbourhood. One of the most interesting is All Hallows Barking, in Tower Street, of thirteenth and fifteenth century Gothic, noted for its splendid brasses and seventeenth century sword-rests. Here they used to bring for burial distinguished people fresh from the headsman's axe on Tower Hill, just as they would take to St Peter ad Vincula, facing the place of execution, those who suffered more privately on Tower Green—poor, dear Anne Boleyn among them. The perfect Norman Chapel of St John, in the adjacent White Tower, has no such ghastly memories. St Olave's, Hart Street, is fine fifteenth century Gothic, full of sentimental interest, particularly to those of us who love our Pepys, as the resting-place of the delightful diarist and his wife. You will remember his quaint description of his brother's funeral in this church. Dean Stanley called St Helen's, Bishopsgate, the "Westminster Abbey of the City," so rich is this grand old church in remarkable monuments. A splendid example of English thirteenth and fourteenth century ecclesiastical building, St Helen's is practically two churches in one, with parallel naves, the older parish church being incorporated with the original Priory church. Scarcely less

interesting are its smaller Bishopsgate neighbour St. Ethelburga and St. Andrew Undershaft in St. Mary Axe. In the latter, fine Early Gothic, rebuilt in 1520, the Cornhill Maypole was kept in the old days, as its name indicates. The blend of Gothic and Palladian in St. Katherine Cree, in Leadenhall Street, is supposed to have been the work of Inigo Jones, and here, tradition says, Holbein was buried, and Archbishop Laud did the unauthorised things at the service of dedication which helped to send him to the block. Austin Friars, in Broad Street, the Dutch church, with its spacious fourteenth-century nave, was the centre of the important Dutch and Flemish colony in Elizabethan and Jacobean times, and in its registers are the names of many celebrated artists.

One of Wren's masterpieces is St. Stephen's, Walbrook, close to the Mansion House, widely admired for the great beauty and originality of its interior. A comparatively small rectangular church, Wren's harmonious and ingenious design, with its fine central dome and Corinthian columns supporting a circle of light arches, gives the effect of grandeur and variety combined with an airy grace. Another of Wren's best interiors is St. Margaret's, Lothbury, noted for some remarkable woodwork. The famous bells of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, will draw you to one of the most interesting of his churches, with its splendid Norman crypt. Of all Wren's beautiful steeples, a feature in which his inventive faculty seemed to find its most graceful expression, this is the most exquisitely designed, and this is something to say when we recall St. Bride's, Fleet Street, St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, and St. Michael's, Cornhill.

Generally St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is known only as the burial-place of Milton, but apart from this very considerable claim to respect, its fourteenth-century Gothic makes strong appeal, albeit restored in the middle of the sixteenth, and yet again more recently. Here also were buried Sir Martin Frobisher and Foxe, of the "Book of Martyrs," and here Oliver Cromwell was married. It is but a step from St. Giles's to St. Bartholomew the Great, in many respects the most remarkable of all the old City churches, once the centre of an influential Augustinian Priory. Here the architectural interest is very great. The choir is Norman, with the noble arches of the arcade and the triforium; thirteenth-century Gothic is the western doorway, as well as the south aisle; and pointed Gothic is the tomb—built long after his death—of Raheré, Henry I's court jester, who founded the church, in a mood of penitence, after a dream.

With the spirit of the Early English architects upon you, it were well to visit St. Ethelreda's, in Ely Place, a beautiful very early fourteenth-century church; then it would be instructive to go straight to St. Paul's Cathedral, and see how Wren's genius, with daring originality, triumphed over a wilderness of difficulties, and achieved the masterpiece of archi-

CHURCHES

tectural art which is the glory of our city. The august beauty and unity of the design, with its fitting proportions, we owe, of course, to the fact of Wren having conceived it in its entirety, and superintended its construction during forty-three years. One can pleasantly believe that the nonagenarian architect, in his philosophic retirement, cared above all to be carried once a year to see his great work. What a glorious pilgrimage for the maker of that splendid fane, conscious that he had to "build for eternity!" From which points of view, I wonder, was he most satisfied? Its glorious West Front, crowning the vista up Ludgate Hill, with his own St. Martin's standing modestly among the houses? Or the noble South Front? Or, looking from some distant height, with the light tarrying in the city, did he see it "mystic wonderful"?

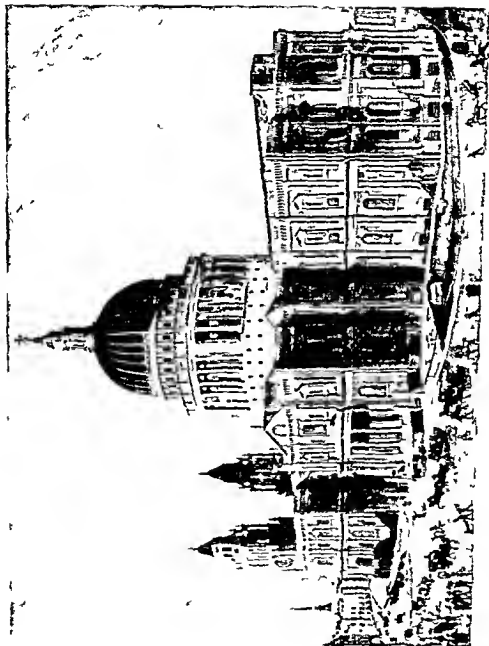
The great dome is, perhaps, the most familiar object in London, yet everywhere it lends pictorial beauty and dignity. In the glorious interior, where Wren's inspiration and constructive imagination have been of the most exalted, there is one great monument worthy of the Cathedral, the Duke of Wellington's, by that rare genius Alfred Stevens, the one really great English sculptor. For the rest, with their semi-nude Dr. Johnson and the immortal fighting captains in all sorts of absurd attitudes, their good intentions must plead for their bad sculpture, but happily within the Cathedral there are already some indications of the modern revival of the sculptor's art. The present St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, though it dates from only 1831, is worthy to stand where the old church stood for centuries, a landmark in Fleet Street, with its curious clock and its striking giants, but august antiquity awaits you further along the street, if you will pass through one of the Temple gates. There you will find the twelfth-century church of the Knights Templars, with its famous circular nave, on the floor of which you will see tombs of the knights, with their recumbent effigies in full panoply of chain-mail, among them the redoubtable Geoffrey de Magnaville. A glorious old church this, with its mingling of Norman and Gothic. Especially beautiful are the interlacing arches of the circular triforium, and the succession of Gothic arches connecting the noble thirteenth-century chancel with the Round of 1185, and the grandly-impressive Norman porch and doorway. Beloved Oliver Goldsmith lies in his grave close by. Since the widening of the Strand, Wren's St. Clement Danes, Dr. Johnson's place of worship, looks more impressive than ever it did, and John Gibbs, Wren's gifted pupil, might well gaze with pride on the graceful steeple he added to his master's work, as well as on his own St. Mary le-Strand, built where the old Strand Maypole stood in the interval between the ancient church and the new.

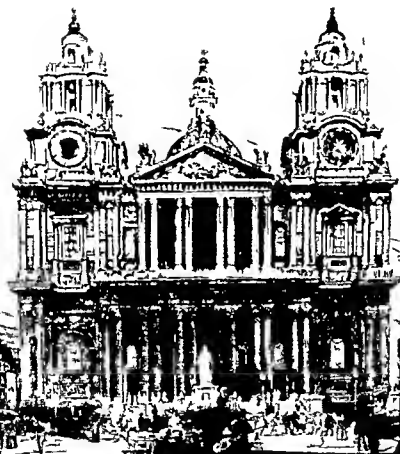
- There is a peculiar charm in the vaulted cloisters of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, an interesting blend of Gothic and classic, showing Inigo Jones in an unusual manner. St. Paul's, Covent Garden, on the other hand

with its fine portico, is severely classic, the present building being an exact reconstruction of Jones's original. Its personal associations render it one of the most interesting churches in London, its registers containing an extraordinary number of famous names. The same may be said of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the distinguished building, with its noble portico and charming steeple, which John Gibbs designed in 1721 to replace the old church that Henry VIII had put up in the fields to divert the funerals he did not like to see passing so close to his palace. When, fifty years ago, they dug up the churchyard to enlarge the National Gallery they found Jack Sheppard, of Newgate and Tyburn, lying next to George Heriot, James I's celebrated jeweller, to whom Edinburgh owes its Heriot Hospital.

But you will forget all these lesser churches when you come to Westminster Abbey, the sublimest and most historic house of God in all the kingdom, with beautiful St. Margaret's close to its portals. From whatever side one approaches the ancient pile, and in whatever light, its Gothic loveliness fills the vision with an expressiveness that is inexpressible, even though the Wren-Hawkesmoor towers on the West Front may not in detail be true Gothic. But to feel all the Abbey's architectural glories and storied significance, you should, before entering, let the centuries creep gradually upon your imagination as you ramble about the precincts and loiter in the cloisters. Once within the Abbey, in nave, aisles, transepts, choir or chapels, everywhere you must range at the call of your mood; for every phase, resource and development of Gothic will offer itself to your admiration in glorious form of pier, arch and vault, from the exquisite lines and curves of the beautiful thirteenth-century nave and choir to the culminating triumph of the fan-traceried vaults of the marvellous roof of Henry VII's Chapel, which looks down graciously on the royal tombs and the gaily-coloured banners of the Bath. As you gaze up into the dim, hallowed heights of the Abbey roof, dream-echoes come of a thousand years of psalm and prayer and penance, and all England's historic past seems to encompass you; for wherever you tread on this storied ground, which has seen the crowning and the burying of kings, are the graves and sepulchres of rulers, warriors and poets, who have made, for what it is, "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England." Westminster Abbey is always an inspiration, and from the nave, or the chapels, or Poets' Corner, the great dead send their messages along the "corridors of time."

The great Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster, with its impressive design in the style of Early Christian Byzantine, beautifully proportioned within and without, with its vast nave, its towers and campanile, is unique among London churches, and a noble monument in itself to its gifted architect, the late John F. Bentley. Time and appropriate decorations will greatly enhance its beauties. -





ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. ETCHED BY WILLIAM WALKER A.R.C.

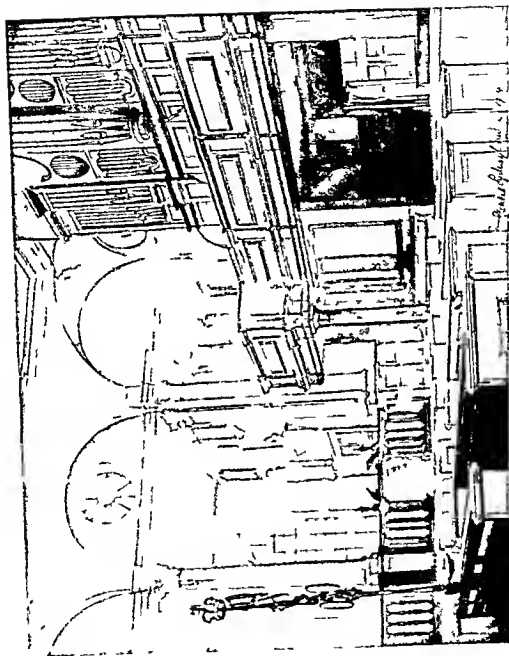
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ALL SAINTS DAY AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
ETCHING BY M. C. ROBINSON A.R.E.

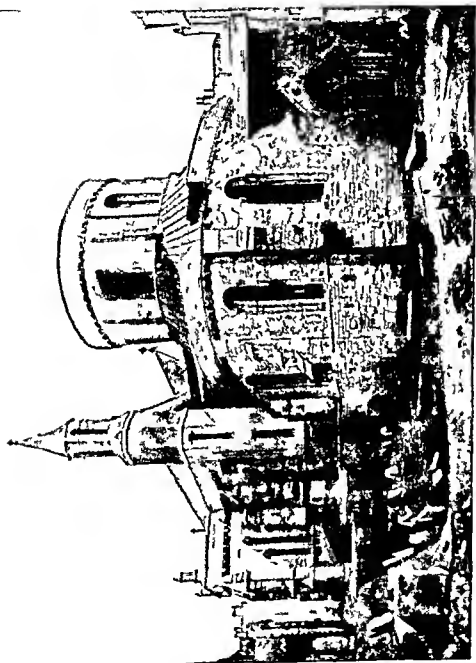


NORMAN ARCH ST BARTHOLOMEW'S
 SKETCHING BY WILLIAM MONK RE

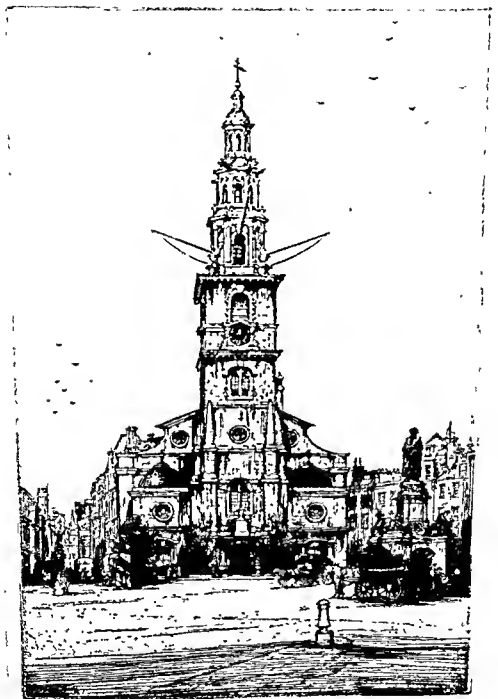




ST STEPHEN'S WALBROOK DRAWING
BY FRANCIS SYDNEY UNWIN

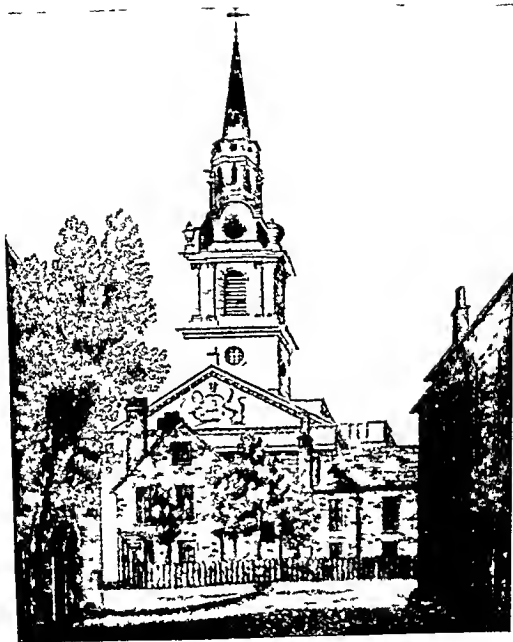


From a drawing in the first 8 Manuscript



ST CLEMENT DANES STRAND ETCHING
BY NATHANIEL SPARKS, R.E.

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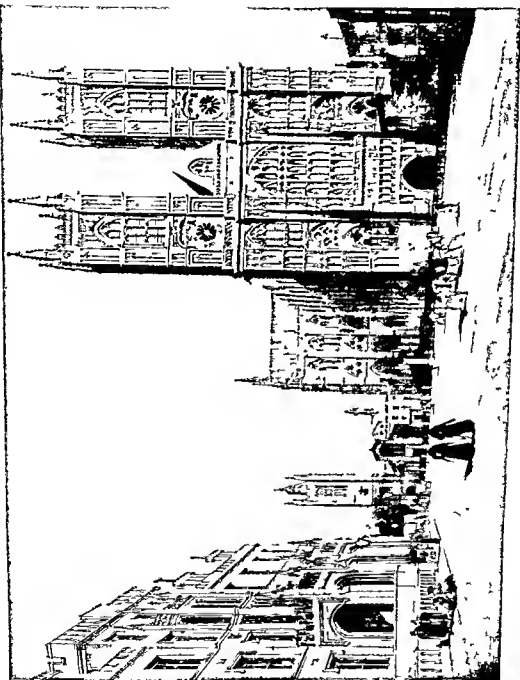




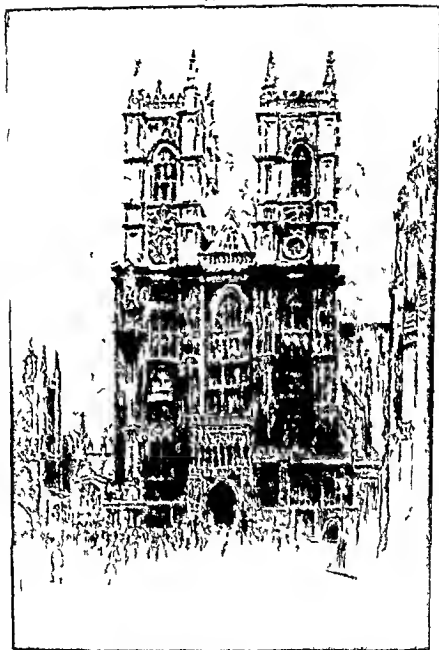
Malcolm Osborne



ST MARTIN IN THE FIELDS DRY PO NT
BY MALCOLM OSBORNE R.E



[From a print in the possession
of Mr. Frank L. Ewing]

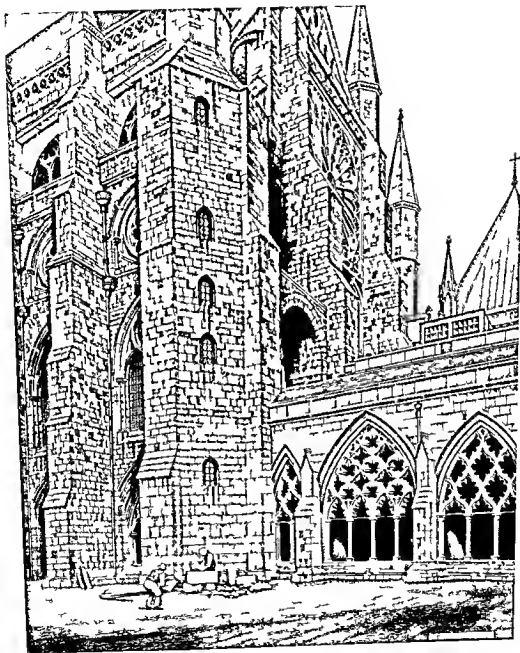


WESTMINSTER ABBEY ETCHING
BY JOSEPH PENNELL

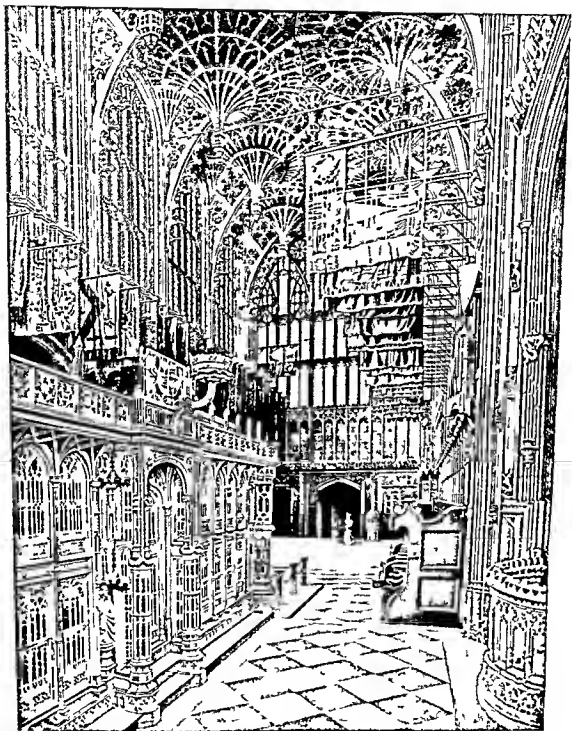


WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SEEN THROUGH THE FOUNTAIN
ETCHING BY NATHANIEL SPENCER

*(A) printed in the Public
H. of James Connell & Son*



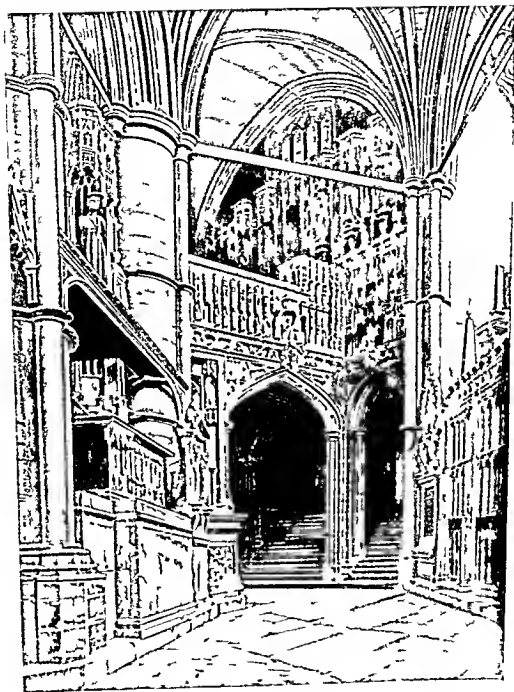
WESTMINSTER ABBEY. VIEW OF SOUTH TRANSEPT FROM
THE CLOISTERS. DRAWING BY A. E. NEWCOMBE



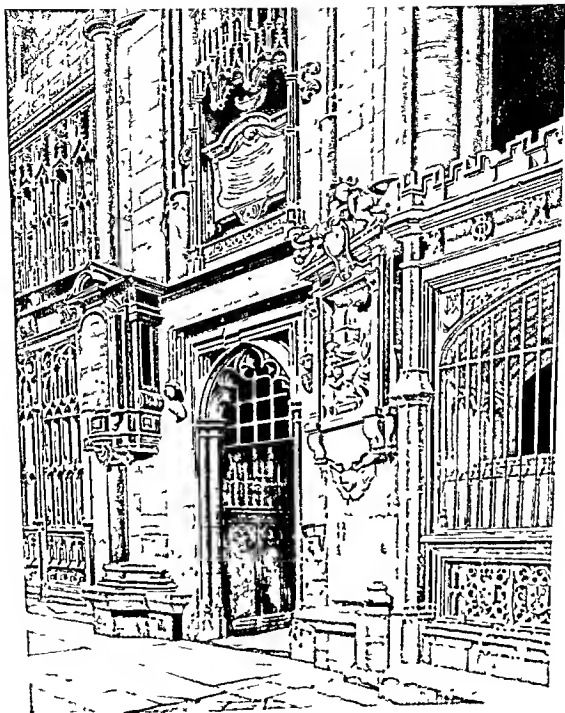
WESTMINSTER ABBEY HENRY V'S CHAPEL
DRAWING BY A. E. NEWCOMBE



WEST MINSTER ABBEY. HENRY V. CHAPEL.
BANNERS OF THE BETH. DRAW NO 8. CECIL NO 89A



WESTMINSTER ABBEY. LOOKING FROM THE SOUTH AMBULATORY
SHOWING SHRINE OF HENRY V. DRAWING BY A. E. NEW COMBE



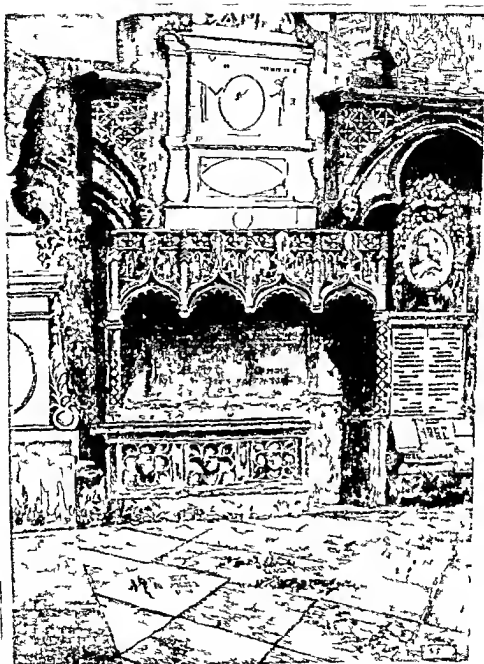
WESTM WATER ABBEY. ENTRANCE TO CHAPEL OF
ST. ERASMUS. DRAWING BY A. E. NEWCOMBE



WESTMINSTER ABBEY. LOOKING FROM CHAPEL OF
ST JOHN THE BAPTIST INTO CHAPEL OF ST ERASMUS
DRAWING BY A. E. NEWCOMBE



WESTMINSTER ABBEY. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S CH. REL.
SHOWING TOMB OF HENRY (LEFT) AND ELEONOR OF
CASTLE. ENTIRE CH. DRAWN BY A. E. NEWCOMBE



WESTMINSTER ABBEY. CHAUCER'S TOMB. POETS' CORNER. ETCHING BY WILLIAM MONK R.E.



WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL ETCHING
BY JAN POORTENAAR

STREETS, HOUSES ETC.

THE High Street of Southwark was in the olden time the great highway for travellers coming by road into London from the ports and towns of the south-east, and here, as Stow in his Survey tells us, "were many fair inns for receipt of travellers." Among these, writing in 1598, he mentions by name the Tabard as the most ancient, and the George. The last remaining portion of the Tabard, which had been spared by the great fire in Southwark in 1676, was burnt down when I was in my teens, but the drawing reproduced (p. 155), shows the venerable inn as I fancy I remember it; of course much reduced in extent, but with the very gallery along which Chaucer and the Canterbury Pilgrims walked. The seventeenth-century rebuilt George happily survives, the last of the picturesque old galleried inns in London. It lies back from the High Street in a yard where a great railway company has a depot, and the juxtaposition of ancient and modern makes a quaintly suggestive contrast. One can picture the galleries filled with Elizabethan or Carolian folk while a company of strolling players performs in the yard below; but a motor-van entering the precincts quickly dispels the illusion. Let us cross the bridge, and go toward Lombard Street. It is strange to think of Pope being born hereabouts, as he was in Plough Court; but this fact does not seem to add to the interest of this particular street, as it would appreciably to the interest of any other London Street. For here the associations are quite other than poetic, though there was publishing done in Pope's Head Alley. But Change Alley is most memorable, and, following its windings, one comes across a tablet on the wall of a big modern building, "The site of Garraway's Coffee House," when at once imagination calls up the crazy, fevered, bustling scenes of the South Sea Bubble days.

Now let us hurry across Cornhill and Threadneedle Street, with just a passing thought to Daniel Defoe as a Cornhill hosier, past this region of stockbrokers, underwriters and bankers, and take a walk down Bishopsgate Street. This is one of the most curiously engaging streets in the city, for, though it has magnificent modern business premises, where of old great folk dwelt, it is still full of strange contrasts and unexpected links with the past, so that one forgets to miss Crosby Hall, now transferred to Chelsea, and Sir Paul Pindar's mansion, now partly in South Kensington Museum. Bishopsgate Street still has its old-world Crosby Square; still Great St. Helen's with its grand old church, and its lanes winding down to St. Mary Axe, and recalling the ancient priory of the Benedictine nuns, and Shakespeare's later lodging there; still the gracious dignity of St. Helen's Place, with its rows of old brick and stone houses, its Leather-seller's Hall, and its iron gates, suggesting an Inn of Court; still the little antiquated church of St. Ethelburga, quaintly concealing its doorway under a spectacle-maker's shop; while, close to where Liverpool Street

Railway Station shouts its modernity in shrill unison with the motor traffic passing over the site of ancient Bishops' Gate, you will find St. Botolph's, with its churchyard turned into a pretty, restful garden with a fountain playing in the midst of bushes and flowerbeds, and a grateful avenue of trees, where sparrows build, leading to busy Broad Street.

The interest of Bishopsgate Street continues as it assumes the charming name of Norton Folgate, and merges into Shoreditch. All the streets that lead from it offer strange and surprising experiences. Turning into Spital Square, you find a series of early eighteenth-century houses, perhaps even late seventeenth, that have lost nothing of their dignity of aspect, although their fashion has long departed. The Square was certainly favoured by the silk merchants, this being formerly the district of the Spitalfields weavers. Now the foreign Jewish population has overrun it, and their synagogue in the heart of Spitalfields was once a Huguenot chapel. Spital Square also has its synagogue, opposite St. Botolph's Clergy House, and from here you can make your way into the most astonishing streets, seething with the Jewish immigrant life and trade. The celebrated old Rosemary Lane is now known by another name, and I dare say it smells as sweet; but from Bishopsgate Street you walk straight into Petticoat Lane, the Hog Lane of Elizabethan time, with its garden houses and bowling alleys, now styled Middlesex Street, and in Wentworth Street, its chief offshoot, you may see the Rag Fair of to-day, reaching right away up to Brick Lane, a wonderful scene, full of bright colour, strange characters, and curiously vital humanity. Here subjects literally cry out for the sympathetic etcher with enterprise to explore this extraordinary district. But, though the East be calling, we must forgo the allurements of Houndsditch, Aldgate, Whitechapel, and with a tender thought for Charles Lamb plodding in Leadenhall Street, go westwards.

Let us stand a moment at the Mansion House, and watch the multitudinous converging traffic. From six different directions it comes in continuous streams. Along King William Street, Cornhill, Threadneedle Street, Princes Street, Cheapside, Queen Victoria Street, come, with the taxi and the car of private luxury, and all the carts and vans of trade, the innumerable numbered motor-buses, from outlying districts, bound for the far other side of London. And the thought arises, would we lovers of the past, if we could, call back the old horse-buses, the John Bulls, Favourites, Royal Blues, or even the earlier stage-coaches, or are we content, like Pope, to "lisp in numbers ere the numbers come," and get more quickly to our destinations? How much prettier horse vehicles always look in the street, yet, if we have to choose now between the taxi and the graceful hansom, do we not send the hansom to the London Museum? Then, look over this tremendous crossing to where thousands of people every morning come up from, and every evening descend to, the bowels of the earth—or, in other words,

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the Tube system of railways, for nobody, I understand, except the Lord Mayor and a few thousand office caretakers, lives nowadays in the City, as everybody used to do

Queen Victoria Street looks too wide and modern to have any history, yet it runs through, and leads to, some of the most historic ground Blackfriars ' the very name calls up a host of memories The ancient monastery of Dominican friars, the hall of which was the scene of Henry VIII's divorce proceedings against Katherine of Aragon, greatly affected by Court and fashion in its secular days, Bridewell Palace, Baynard's Castle, the Fleet River, the Royal Wardrobe, the King's Printing House—the Square of that name recalls its site, with other manners, other *Times*—Vandyck's studio, Faithorne's engraving-room, above all Shakespeare and the Blackfriars Theatre—Plyhouse Yard reminds us—not to mention the house the poet left to his daughter Susan, somewhere between Ireland Yard, named after the lessor, and the way down to Puddle Dock

But if you care for Shakespearean associations, come you along Cheapside, to the "corner of Wood Street," where, as the thrush in Wordsworth's poem brought to Cheapside for "poor Susan" the hills and dales and brooks from the North, the solitary tree in the old churchyard of vanished St Peter's, that forbids the houses to grow taller, shall bring us memories of the poets On the opposite side of the street is Friday Street, and there the famous Mermaid Tavern was, with a side entry from Bread Street, and there, though there be pageant and marketing, executions and reveling, in Old Cheap we can picture Shakespeare, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and the rest of that glorious fellowship, at their "wit combats" In Friday Street, too, it was that the Earl of Essex was brought to bay on the collapse of his ill fated rebellious enterprise Bread Street saw the birth and childhood of Milton, indeed, all his life he was associated with this neighbourhood, and in death they were not divided, for Cripplegate is near by In a Cheapside house, close to Bow Church, Keats lived some of his earlier years, and wrote his wonderful sonnet, "On first looking into Chapman's *Homer*" Temperate as he is reported to have been, Chapman, being a friend of Jonson's, was probably also of the "Mermaid" fellowship We must now hurry past St Martin's-le Grand into Aldersgate Street, wondering whereabouts exactly was Milton's "pretty garden house, at the end of an entry," the scene of his early matrimonial troubles, where Petre House, turned into a political prison by the Roundheads, in which Lovelace discovered that "stone walls do not a prison make," and where all the other mansions of famous and influential noblemen who lived here in the seventeenth century, when there were few streets more free from noise, and the country was close by Who would think nowadays of a royal prince living in Barbican? Yet here, after the Restoration, Prince Rupert had a house and garden, and it cost the neighbouring St Giles's Church a guinea for bell ringing every time King Charles paid him a

visit. We must not linger with Brittany dukes and old booksellers in Little Britain, as Washington Irving did so engagingly, but go on to St. Bartholomew Close, the old-world-looking square opposite the hospital courtyard, and adjoining the ancient priory church—where Ben Jonson lived in his early theatrical days, when he fought the fatal duel that nearly hanged him; and Milton lay in perilous hiding after the Restoration. The celebrated Cloth Fair is but a turning away—those fascinating narrow lanes of ancient houses, where the great trade in *Flemish* and *Italian* fabrics was done, a real surviving bit of mediæval London, which the modern improvement spirit is not going to leave us. But Smithfield will remain, for here is the Great Central Meat Market. What scenes have been witnessed here! Horrible executions of all sorts, torturings, burnings at the stake, gorgeous jousts and tournaments, and sumptuous processions; Bartholomew Fair, with its merry humours; the cattle market; the Cock Lane ghost crowds. From Smithfield it is but a step to that noble example of pointed Gothic, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, relic of the ancient priory of St. John of Jerusalem, dated 1504, and one of the scenes of Dr. Johnson's early London struggle to earn a pittance; for in the room over the archway he worked for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, first published there.

What changes Newgate Street has seen in recent years! The grim old prison one does not miss so much, because of the impressive new Central Criminal Court in its place; but the sixteenth-century-garbed Christ Hospital Schoolboys as we used to see them among the hoary monastic buildings of the old Grey Friars, these one misses; they were part of London, and one liked to think of Coleridge, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, in those same quaint clothes, at play in those same surroundings. But we can still wind our way along Ivy Lane and Paternoster Row, whence so much famous literature has issued, to St. Paul's Churchyard, where, beyond its present warehouses and linendrapers' establishments, we may recall visions of its varied past; its old book and music sellers (original editions of Shakespeare!); its gatherings of fashionable ladies and gallants for rendezvous in the nave of Old St. Paul's; its crowds for the sermons at Paul's Cross, the hanging of Father Garnet, and the penance of poor Jane Shore; the great funeral processions of Sir Philip Sidney, Nelson, Wellington. As we go down Ludgate Hill we can picture the stage-coaches starting out from La Belle Sauvage; and, crossing the once navigable Fleet River, with a thought that it still brings down the scanty waters of the Hol-bourn, and trickles underground into the Thames, remember that here was the old Fleet Prison with its luckless prisoners, its abuses, and its notorious marriages. As soon as we are in Fleet Street, memory and imagination are overwhelmingly engaged with the associations of the street and its purlieus. As the home of the greatest newspaper activity in the world, with its

houses; but we must turn into interesting old Clifford's Inn, already the victim of the innovating builder, cross storied Chancery Lane, where Shakespeare's Earl of Southampton had his great house and garden, and pass through the fine Tudor gateway of Lincoln's Inn, dated 1518, remembering that there is brickwork hereabout actually done by Ben Jonson, when he was a bricklayer's apprentice, a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket. In the delightful old squares of Lincoln's Inn, with their red-brick houses, one is again among the past centuries, with the ghosts of illustrious lawyers. Passing the beautiful Tudor hall and Inigo Jones's chapel with its cloisters, the spacious prospect of Lincoln's Inn Fields is before us, with its pleasure-garden aspect and its old-time memories of executions, duels and highway robberies, enacted within sight of the fine, dignified seventeenth-century houses still surviving. We have no time for once-fashionable Great Queen Street, where Kneller painted all the personages of the day, or for Portugal Street, or Row, where fashion went to the Duke's Theatre; for Staple Inn calls us, with its sixteenth-century houses fronting noisy modern Holborn, and its charming, quiet courtyard, with its trees and the restful seat, the early eighteenth-century houses, each with its date over the doorway, the old hall, and the prettily-restored garden and fountain.

Again out of Holborn, through the old gateway of Gray's Inn, one is in the past, and its mellow charm is over the old red-brick squares, the garden walks, once the haunt of fashion, pervaded always by the spirit of Francis Bacon, the grand old hall, so often visited by Queen Elizabeth, in which Shakespeare first produced his "Comedy of Errors," and I saw it delightfully revived three centuries later.

The neighbourhood of Gray's Inn is full of interesting associations, and many Bloomsbury streets and squares that have lost their fashion and character still preserve some of their Queen Anne and early Georgian houses; besides, Bloomsbury, especially Red Lion Square, is fragrant with Rossetti and Morris memories.

Now to the Strand. No longer by the old zigzag way of many streets, old, narrow, down-at-heel, oddly picturesque, some with dilapidated-looking, bulging fronts, and full of queer, hand-to-mouth life and genuine London character, such as your true Londoner loves always, Clare Market, Wych Street, Holywell Street, with its second-hand book shops, Drury Court; but by Kingsway and Aldwych that have swept away these old streets, Dane's Inn, too, and the old theatres of happy memories—the Globe, Strand, Opera Comique, Olympic, and the old Gaiety. Gone, all of them, and venerable shops and newspaper offices that were landmarks, vanished as completely as did long ago the celebrated Exeter Exchange of haberdashery, millinery, and menagerie memories; for the Strand widens. The theatrical associations of Drury Lane and Covent Garden are too many and of too fascinating an interest

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to engage us here, but, with just a tender glance at each of the famous stage-doors, picturing the illustrious players and playwrights of old times passing in, let us go over to Covent Garden Market in the early morning when the carts are arriving. While we watch the busy and amusing scenes that represent the great fruit and vegetable trade of London, let us think of the old Convent Garden of the Westminster abbot and his monks, and of the gradual evolution of the market from a few stalls and sheds, of the duels and mohawk outrages in the Square, of the Jacobite rendezvous under Inigo Jones's Piazza, of Dryden at Will's Coffee House, and Addison ruling at Button's, and of all the rank and fashion, wit, and talent, that made Covent Garden one of the most fashionable districts in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. A great haunt it has been, by the way, of painters and engravers, Turner's name shining among them with a glory on Maiden Lane, already glorified by Voltaire's lodging there.

No district is more interesting than Soho for its seventeenth and eighteenth century associations, as well as for the curious many-tongued cosmopolitanism of its labyrinthine streets, and who that loves London life does not know the continentalism of its restaurants? Soho Square is, of course, a classic among London Squares, with its remnant of gracious seventeenth-century houses, its distinguished social history, and its Carlisle House revels and masquerades, while there is scarcely a Soho street that cannot boast its celebrated inhabitants. Think of the diabolical Marat living quietly, and writing scientific treatises, in Church Street. Think of Dryden's long residence in Gerrard Street, where the august Literary Club, as well as the artists who started the Royal Academy, used to meet at the Turk's Head Coffee House.

Just where you see the woman in Aggas's map of Elizabethan London, laying out the clothes to dry in a field, is the site of Leicester Square, known for long as Leicester Fields. It has an attractive history, for, apart from its fashion as a dwelling-place, and its having been lived in by Reynolds, whose house, No 47, remains, by Hogarth, opposite, on the Alhambra side, by Isaac Newton, within a stone's-throw, and by Hunter, the great surgeon, its old Leicester House, where the Empire stands, gives it a royal celebrity, for here George II, when Prince of Wales, lived and kept a court after he had quarrelled with his father, just as his own son did later on, and in each case the Prince's court at Leicester Square out rivalled, in fashion, gaiety and brilliancy, the King's at St James's.

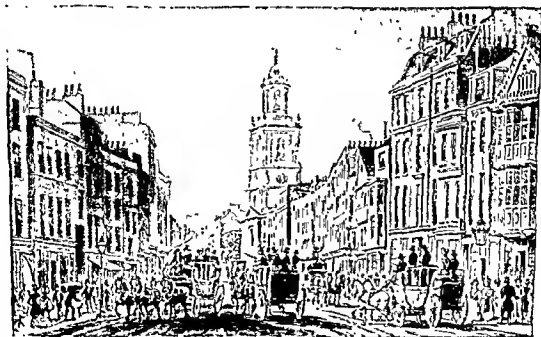
We must not dawdle with artistic memories in St Martin's Lane, with Hogarth and his brother artists at Old Slaughter's Coffee House, but from the parapet of the National Gallery let us enjoy the splendid prospect across Trafalgar Square, with the glorious vista of Whitehall, and Le Sueur's fine equestrian statue of Charles I standing on the very place

where the regicides suffered horrible deaths. Or shall we wait for night, when the lamp-lights make more beautifully for mystery and glamour? Strange to think that here long ago was the Royal Mews, and here the King's falcons were kept, and, just below, the pillory stood, and cruel punishments entertained rabble-crowds. Stranger still to contrast the colossal traffic here to-day with the almost placid aspect of Charing Cross and the Strand as pictured by Shotter Boys in 1842.

This contrast one finds peculiarly attractive in the West End streets as this admirable topographical artist presents them to us in the very early Victorian days, when the aspect of the streets seems to have been one of dignified serenity, with none of the modern bustle, and a Count D'Orsay dandyism lent it a sort of picturesqueness. Look at the old artist's calm and leisurely Piccadilly Circus of 74 years ago, with a man undisturbedly beating a drum and playing his pan-pipes in the middle of the roadway, and contrast this with the bewildering atmosphere of hurry and crowd of the Piccadilly Circus that Mr. Cecil King shows us with such vivid suggestion, where that man with the drum would be run over in no time. But if you want the charm of memory combined with all that is vivaciously expressive of the modern moods of London streets, you can enjoy it to your heart's content in this district; the Haymarket, with its theatres of to-day and a brilliant yesterday; Pall Mall, both shady and sunny sides, with its great clubs; aristocratic St. James's Square, where you may see that three famous prime ministers have lived successively in one house; King Street, with its Christie's, its theatre, and its exclusively fashionable Almack's; St. James's Street, the street *par excellence* of storied clubs, with amazing gambling echoes, and Boodle's still showing its eighteenth-century front; St. James's Place, where Rogers breakfasted all the wits and poets. Then, Piccadilly, with its Albany, its Bond Street, indeed, all its side-streets, its Burlington and Devonshire Houses, and all the essential Piccadillishness of its shops, clubs and hotels: whatever your mood is you must love Piccadilly; and, since it is pervaded by the lovely Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Emma, Lady Hamilton, Pope's Earl of Burlington, who built his house so far out of town because he did not want anybody to build beyond it, Byron, and Wellington and "Old Q.," Lord Palmerston and Macaulay, and many more of the memorable dead, I advise you to make a close companion of that charming essayist Mr. G. S. Street, and he will lead you delightfully among the "Ghosts of Piccadilly." A peculiarly fascinating neighbourhood is Mayfair, with social history writ large all over it, celebrities living in each of its streets; and many eighteenth-century houses still keeping at their doorways the old iron lamp-holders and torch-extinguishers, just as if gas and electric-light had never been, and linkmen still lighted the way for my lady's sedan-chair.



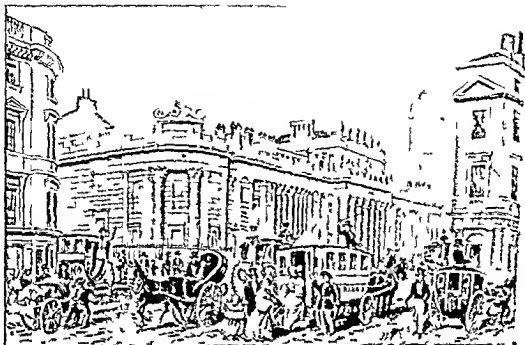
RAG FAIR, ROSEMARY LANE, CIRCA 1836 CONTEMPORARY DRAWING



BISHOPSGATE STREET, CIRCA 1838. CONTEMPORARY DRAWING

*(From drawings in the possession
of Messrs. Robson & Co.)*





THE BANK OF ENGLAND C RCA 1836 CONTEMPORARY DRAW NG



COVENT GARDEN MARKET THE DAY BEFORE CND BYWEL C RCA 1836 CONTEMPORARY DRAW NG

(From drawings to the proprietors
of Murray, Knapp & Co)



ST. PAUL'S FROM LUDGATE HILL, 1842
LITHOGRAPH BY T. SHOOTER BOYS

(It was a print in the possession
of Mr. Frank L. Emanuel)

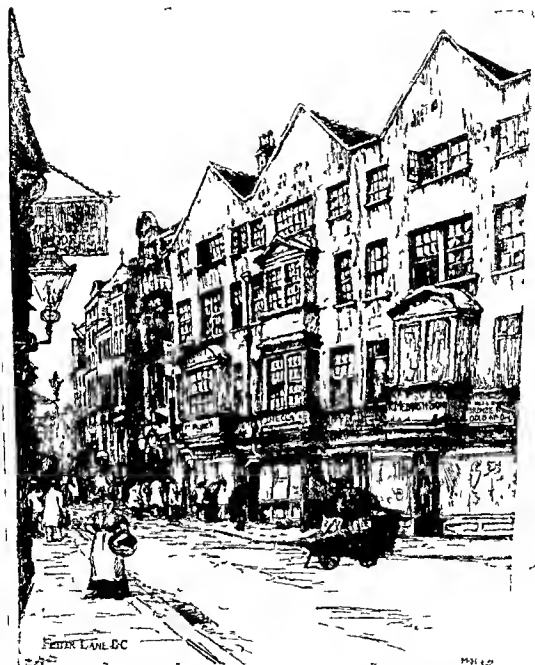


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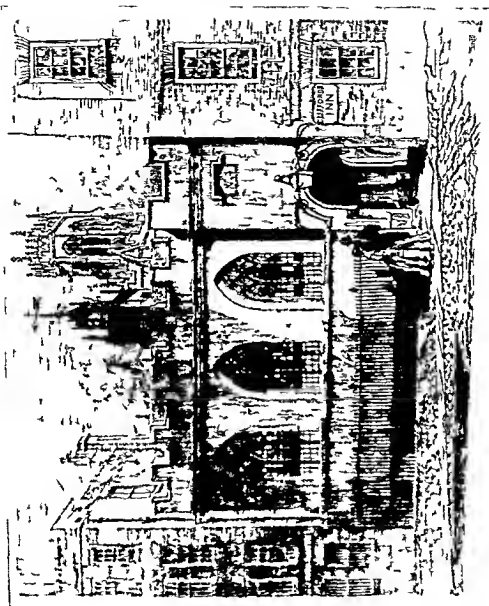
ST DUNSTONS IN THE WEST FLEET STREET 842
LITHOGRAPH BY T. SHOTTER BOYS

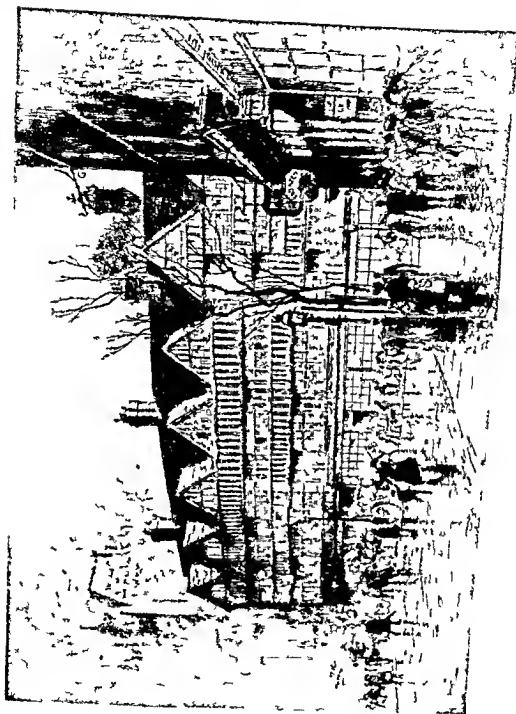


FLEET STREET DRAW NO
BY ALBERT CHANLER



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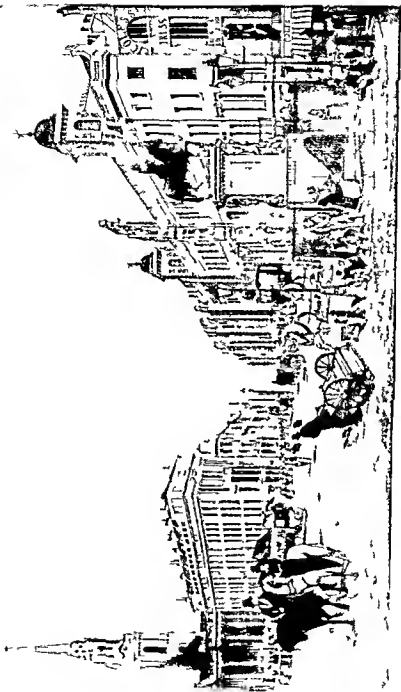






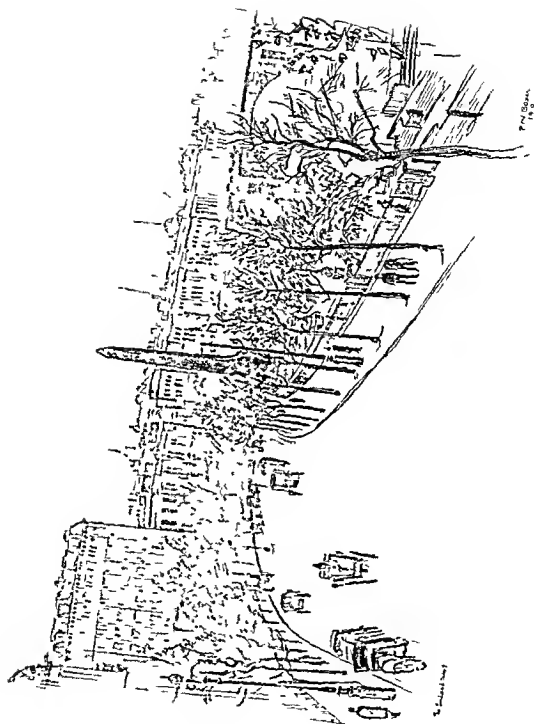
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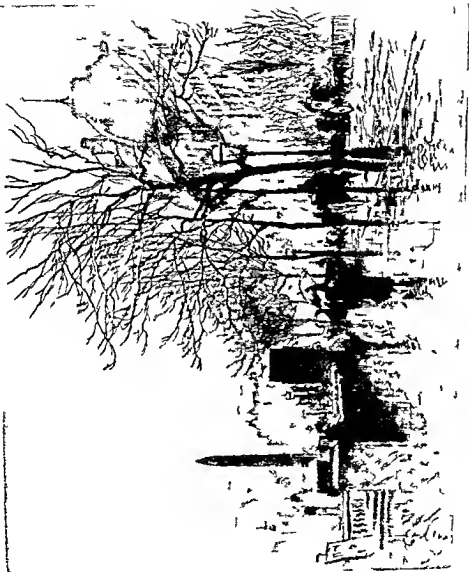
CHARING CROSS LITHOGRAPH
BY J. KERR LAWSON

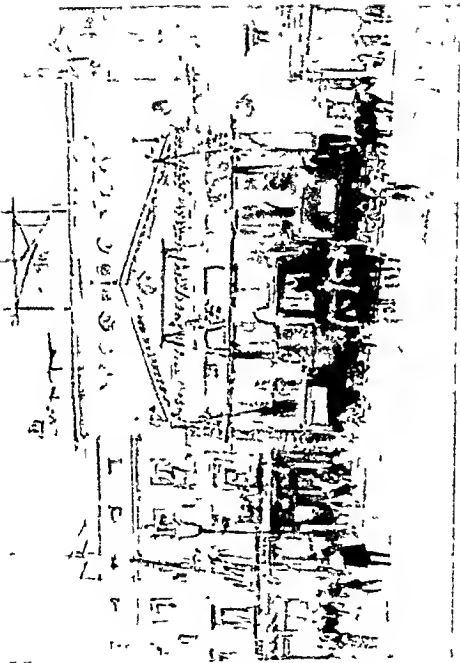


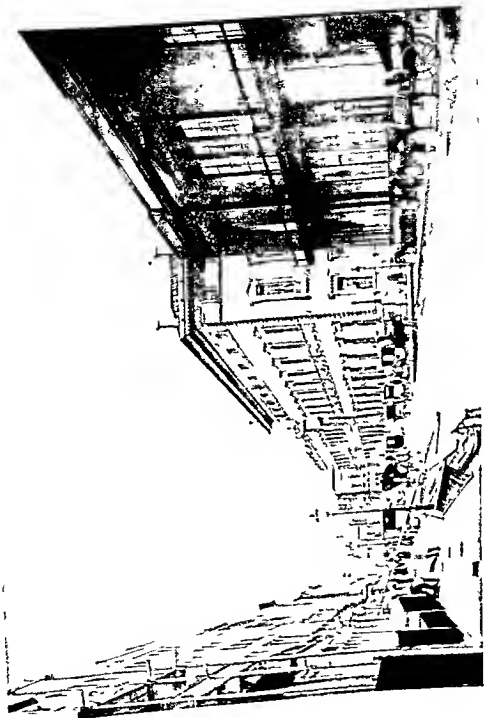
From a photograph in the possession
of Mr. J. B. G. (C.)

ENTRANCE TO THE STRAND FROM CHARING CROSS 1842
LITHOGRAPH BY T. SHOTTER BOYS



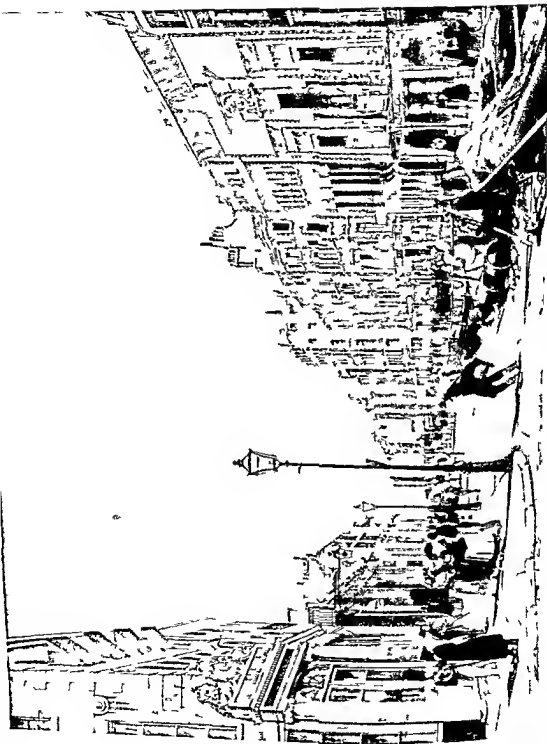






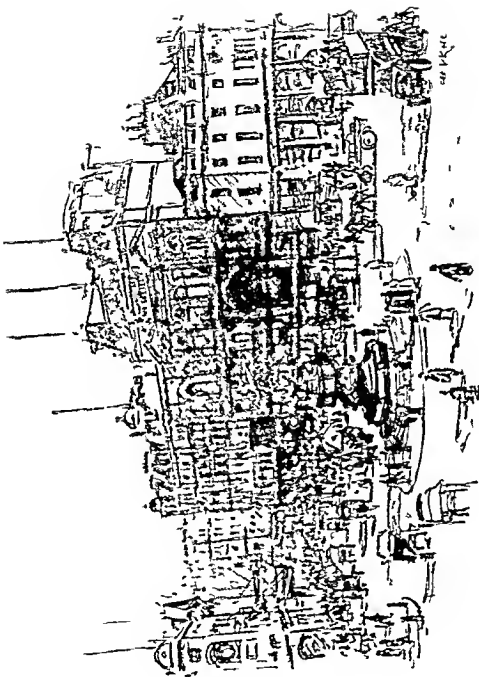
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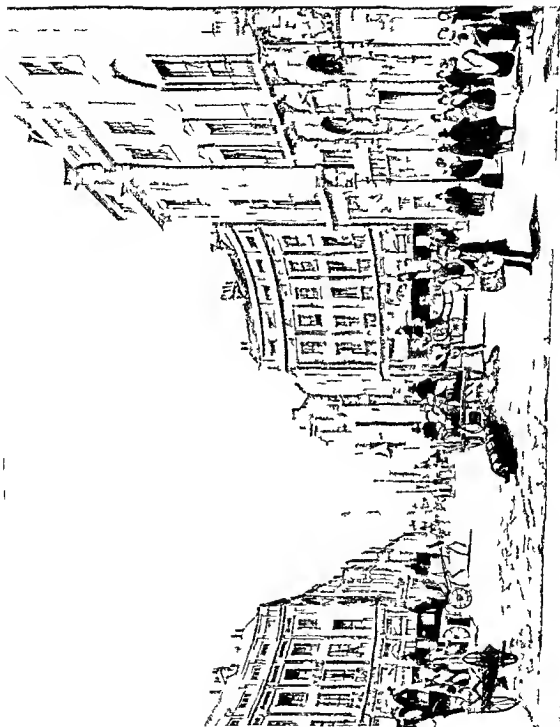
PALL MALL 1042 LITHOGRAPH BY T. SHOTTER BOYS



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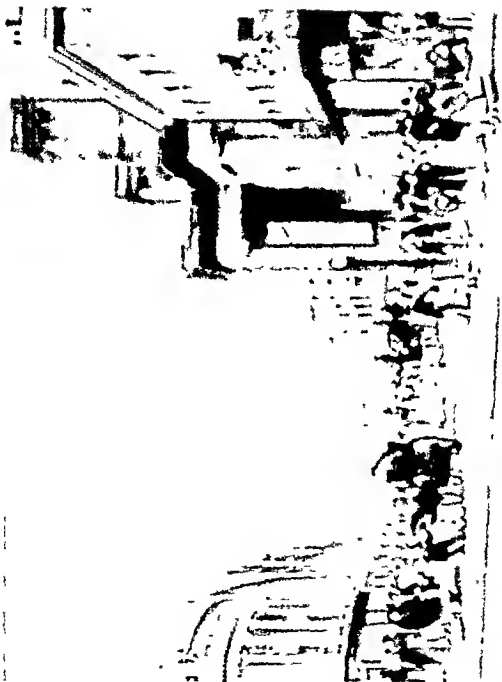




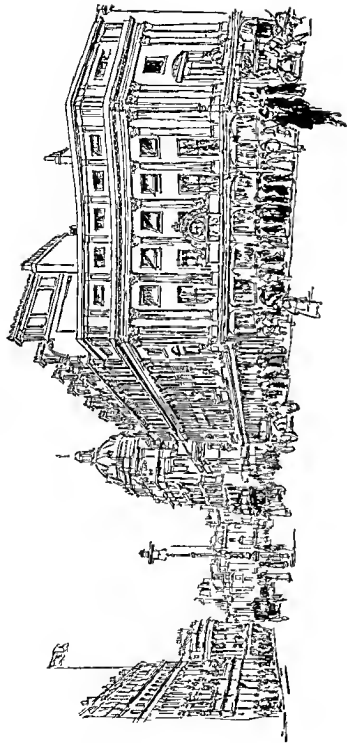
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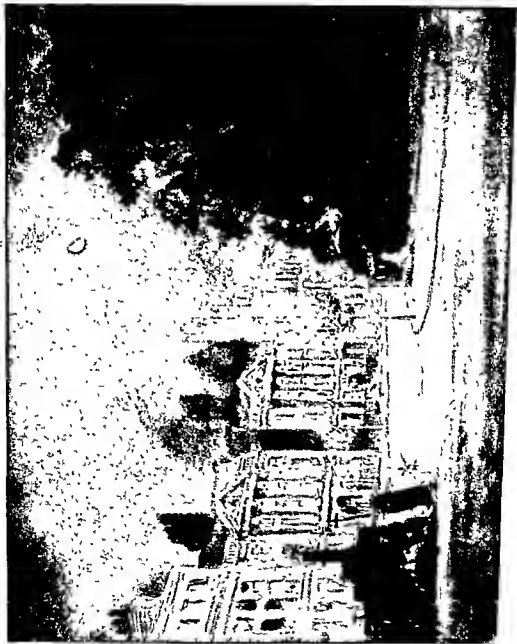




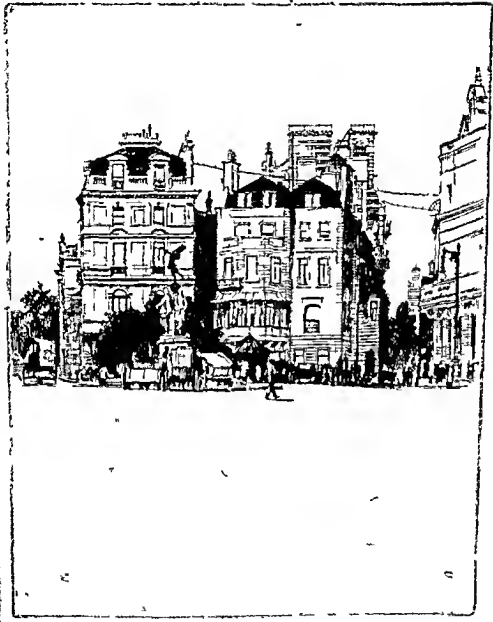
THE MUSEUM OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE



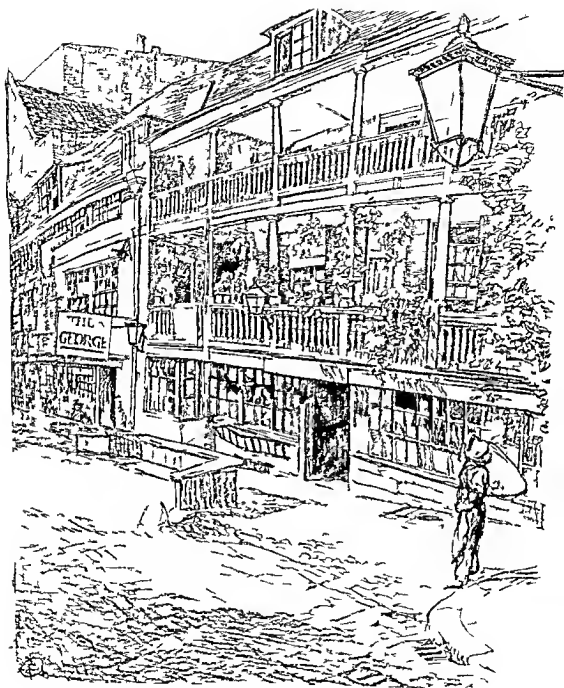
REGENT CIRCUS DRAWING BY HANSLIP FLETCHER



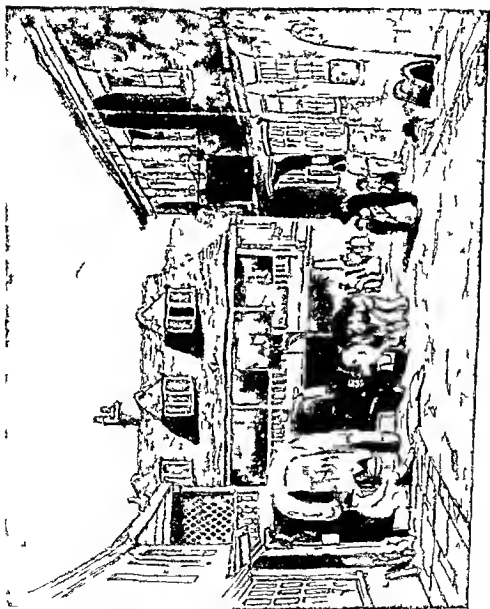
CAVENDISH SQUARE—NIGHT. DRAWING BY WILLIAM MONK, R.E.



PARK LANE ETCHING BY
WALTER M. KEESEY A.R.C.



THE GEORGE IN SOUTHWARK DRAWING
BY FRANCIS OSLEN ARCHT. BA





THE MALL AT CHISWICK LITHOGRAPH
BY F. ERNEST JACKSON

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS

WHEN we read the other day of an execution in the Tower, at once it plunged us, as it were, back into past centuries ; "so strange it seemed—and new." I confess to a thrill; yet when, according to my habit, I went a few days afterwards to the Tower, and sat on the Green close to the spot where Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and Katherine Howard were beheaded, and watched the ravens, looking as old and experienced as if they had been there at the time, somehow I felt no hint in the Tower atmosphere that tragic Death had so lately beaten his wings against those storied stones. William the Conqueror's great White Tower, the thirteenth-century Byward, the Middle Tower, the pathetic Beauchamp, the Bloody, or, as it was once called, Garden-Tower, where Raleigh wrote his "*History of the World*," these that have borne their stern, grim parts in all the drama and tragedy of *English history* for so many hundred years, were indifferently echoing the chatter of perambulating sightseers, for whom the wonders of the armouries and the crown jewels were the primary attractions. And as I sat looking at the pleasant picturesqueness of the Tudor houses on the Green, where Elizabeth herself was once a prisoner, and whence the brave little "nine days Queen" came out to die, it was not of the "accidents," as Stow quaintly calls the murders and sudden deaths, of the remoter times that I was thinking. Horace Walpole came into my mind, Horace Walpole whose authority we are always quoting on questions of art and taste. "I have been this morning at the Tower," he wrote from Arlington Street in August 1746, "and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spy-glasses at a halfpenny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Traquair, Lord Cromartie and his son, and the Lord Provost, at their respective windows. The other two wretched lords (Kilmarnock and Balmerino) are in dismal towers, and they have stopped up one of old Balmerino's windows, because he talked to the populace ; and now he has only one, which looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in his death warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, 'Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach.' " Does not this bring the Tower's tragic past home to us with a vivid intimacy ? A place of absorbing interest historically, and with an unflinching pictorial impressiveness from so many points of view ; yet numbers of Londoners have never seen the Tower, regarding it as merely a place for foreigners, country cousins and school-treats. The Royal Mint was at the Tower from early times until the beginning of last century, when the present building, one of Smirke's, took its place on Tower Hill. A dull-looking structure, not at all suggestive of the ceaseless fountain of gold that it is. The Custom House, on the other hand, has quite an imposing front, but it must be

seen from the river, for it needs the suggestiveness of masts and funnels to give it its full significance. There has been a Custom House on the same site from at least the fourteenth century, but the successive buildings have been burnt down. No event in the history of London had more immediate influence on the development and changing aspect of the City than the Great Fire; and the tall fluted Doric column which Sir Christopher erected in memory of it, on the site where it originated, known significantly as the Monument, is a becoming London landmark. Wren's first idea was to have gilt flames bursting from openings all the way up the column, with a phoenix at the top; and presumably, but for Charles II's sense of humour, we should have had a colossal gilt statue of the King as an ancient laurelled Roman in place of the ineffectual fires of the existing urn. But Mr. Brangwyn shows us how the emphasis of moonlight can cast a dramatic glamour over even Fish Street Hill, with "London's column pointing at the skies," as Pope has it. The present Royal Exchange, with its noble portico, its elegant columned court, the walls of which are pictured with events of London's history, is the third of its line, opened by Queen Victoria in 1844, as the first had been opened by Queen Elizabeth in 1570, after dining with Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder, at his house in Bishopsgate Street. The Fire did not spare Gresham's building, in which the shops on the upper floor attracted all the fashionable fair and their rendezvous-making gallants. It was the second Royal Exchange that we see in Malton's print of 1781, and it was of this Addison wrote that there was no place which he so much loved to frequent; proud of its commercial universality, it pleased him to be jostled by merchants of all nationalities, Dick Steele preferring the milliners' shops upstairs. The chief entrances were in Cornhill and Threadneedle Street; it was not seen from the Mansion House, Bank Buildings standing between, and these were removed in 1838 for the frontage of the present structure. Lloyd's offices are at the east end of the Royal Exchange. "As safe as the Bank of England" is a proverb expressed, as it were, in the building itself, than which none ever seems to me more appropriate. Other banks all around are raising lordly and lofty piles to their credit, but the Bank of England does not attempt to increase its stature, confident that it is one of the most impressive structures in all London. It appeals to the imagination as a fortress guarding the greatest credit in the world, while one pictures its vaults as so many Aladdin's Caves. There is a garden within the Bank, and there are stately courts and halls; but the outer walls always suggest to me a quiet strength—safety. At night soldiers keep guard there.

The Mansion House, dating also from the eighteenth century, is, in spite of its Corinthian-columned portico, hardly the building one likes to associate with the mayoralty state of the greatest city in the world. Till 1737 the site was occupied by a fish and flesh market, taking its

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS

name from the Stocks that had stood there. The Guildhall, however, is very ancient and of great historic interest. It "was begun to be built new in the year 1411," as Stow says. Parts of the original great hall and the porch remain, also the fine crypt of the thirteenth century. The new Council Chamber dates only from 1884. The Guildhall, as the place where the City's Courts were held, has always played a great part in London history. Henry V had a grand reception here after the battle of Agincourt, and here Lady Jane Grey and her husband and relatives were tried and condemned to death, walking hither from the Tower. Modern history at the Guildhall has been made chiefly by momentous speeches at civic banquets, and by receptions of warriors and foreign potentates. The Gateway of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, overlooking Smithfield Market, was built by John Gibbs early in the eighteenth century. Henry VIII is commemorated in effigy because he took the Hospital from the priors and handed it over to the city—for a consideration.

The vast and important buildings of the new General Post Office, and the striking new edifice for the Central Criminal Court, on the site of old Newgate Prison and the Old Bailey with all their grim memories, have yet to make their pictorial appeal to the artists, so I must leave them alone. Perhaps time and the London atmosphere will help them. The British Museum, on the other hand, with the great and simple dignity of its Greek portico and colonnades, has had time to assert its pictorial claims, and, now that a beautiful new wing has been added to the noble building of Sir Robert Smurke's design, which in 1846 replaced the Duke of Montagu's seventeenth-century mansion as the store-house of the incomparable collections inaugurated by Sir Hans Sloane, one feels it is worthy to be one of the greatest treasure-houses in the world, and to support the pride of intellectual London.

Of all the old halls of the Inns of Court the most glorious and beautiful is that of the Middle Temple, built in 1571-5, with its superb double hammer-beam roof, its beautiful screen and oriel windows. "What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays!" exclaims Lamb in his enthusiastic love for the Temple. And what fancies it calls up of the gorgeous masques and revels there in Elizabeth's days, when Shakespeare produced his "Twelfth Night" within those very walls!

There are buildings one respects, others that one also loves. The Law Courts I respect as a brave and splendid attempt to adapt Gothic to modern use and circumstance, but Street's great work inspires no affection, such as one feels for the Middle Temple Hall or beautiful Holland House. Nor, with all its dignity of mien, does Sir William Chambers's Somerset House stir one sentimentally, or give one that peculiar satisfaction that comes from beautiful proportions. It certainly looks its best from the river. The river aspect also of the Houses of Parliament takes

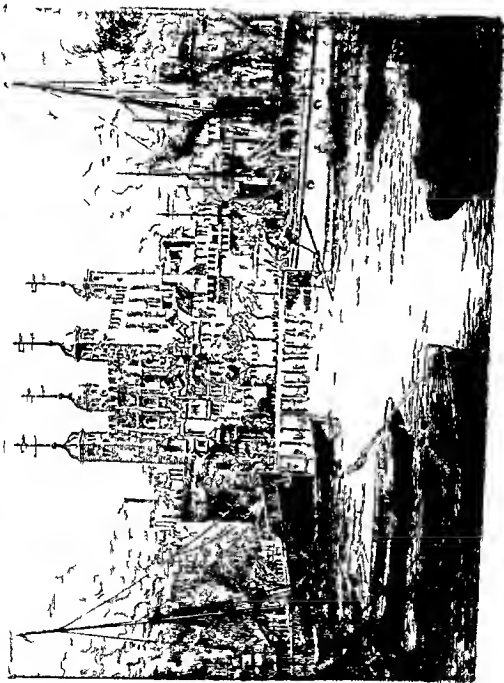
the eye with most beauty; and who can deny beauty to Sir Charles Barry's noble buildings, even though Gothic purists may find them too much this, or too little the other? The modern Gothic revival, which appears to have quite had its day, found its best expression in this Parliament palace; and, though with a greater simplicity of ornament it might have been more satisfying, it is worthy of its august purpose, and in harmony with its surroundings. Even the venerable Westminster Hall does not make it look a parvenu; yet the wonderful timber roof of that spacious hall has looked down, since Richard II's day, on strange and dramatic scenes; state trials—Charles I's among them—coronation feasts and challenges, while the ubiquitous milliners' shops and old bookstalls have actually ranged themselves bazaar-fashion along its walls; and just outside, in Old Palace Yard, Raleigh's head fell, and the Gunpowder Plot Conspirators were dragged on hurdles to their ghastly deaths.

To contrast with the imposing buildings of the Foreign and India offices the late Mr. Brydon's splendid new edifice of the Local Government Board and the Board of Education, reaching from Parliament Street to St. James's Park, the late Mr. Young's noble new War Office, and the beautiful Woods and Forests building, is to realise that we have among our present-day architects a truer feeling for style and the beauty of fitness than Sir Gilbert Scott and Sir Digby Wyatt brought to bear on the older buildings. Moreover, we have now sculptors able to support them with worthy decoration. Our glorious military and naval records invest with an interest, historic rather than architectural, the Horse Guards, dating from 1751, and the old Admiralty, which has stood since 1722 on the site of old Wallingford House; but both are impressive old landmarks, and the latter is notable for the stone screen added by Robert Adam. The new Admiralty buildings, harmonising with their surroundings, look becomingly on to St. James's Park, so intimately connected with the social history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The Mall, that former promenade of the fashionable beaux and beauties, now, as a broad and stately drive, takes its share in the Victoria Memorial, which begins with Sir Aston Webb's rather stunted-looking Admiralty Arch and ends, not with Sir Thomas Brock's noble composition of sculptured groups, but the new and worthier façade of Buckingham Palace. How much more interesting is the Tudor Palace of St. James's with its fine red-brick gate-house! And with what a sense of charm and a crowd of historic memories too, one can linger about Kensington Palace and Queen Anne's beautiful Orangery—a gem of Wren's—standing delightfully in the lovely gardens! On the way thither one may admire Decimus Burton's Wellington Arch, now crowned by Adrian Jones's sculptured "Peace" quadriga, and feel legitimate pride in the remarkable groups of important buildings that lend to South Kensington an air of science, education and the arts.



(From a photograph in the possession of Mr. Frank L. Fennell)



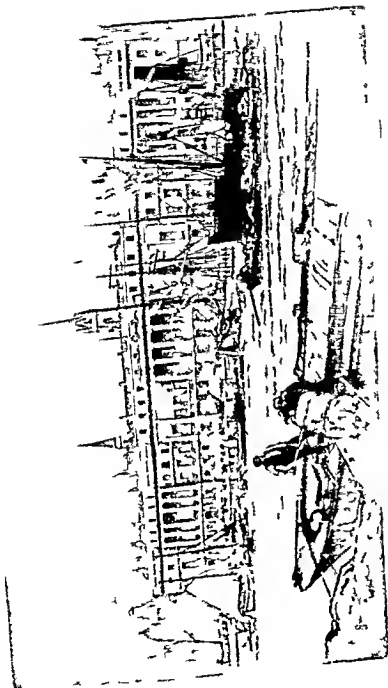
THE TOWER OF LONDON FROM BATTLE BRIDGE
ETCHED BY WILLIAM MONK



THE TOWER OF LONDON ETCHING BY PERCY ROBERTSON, R.E.



THE TOWER ARMOURY DRAWING BY CECIL KING RBA



THE CUSTOM HOUSE ETCH NO BY PERCY ROBERTSON R.E

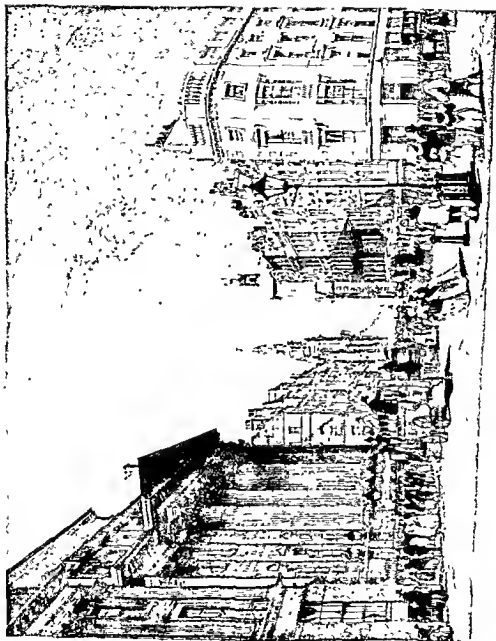
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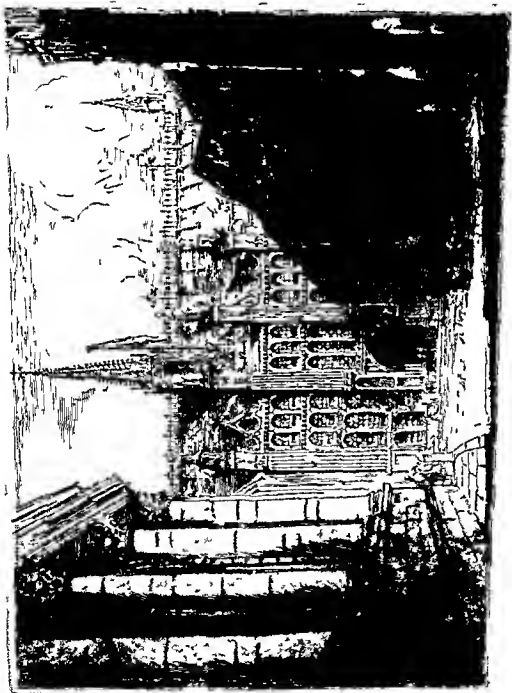
MONUMENT ETCHING BY
EY ANDERSON ARE



A photograph of the Washington
Monument, D.C.

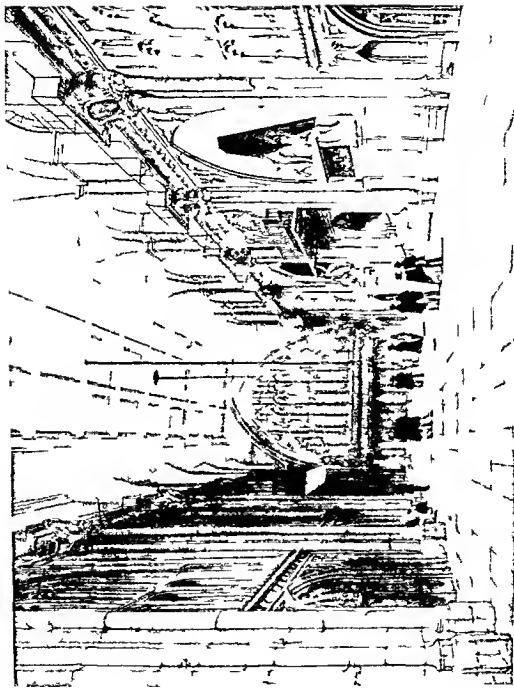


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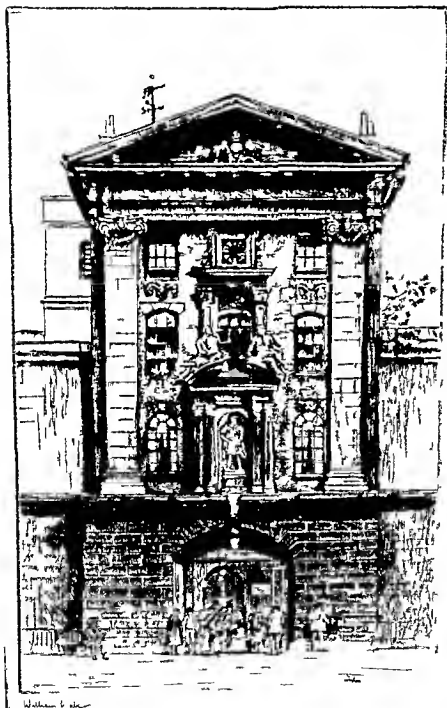


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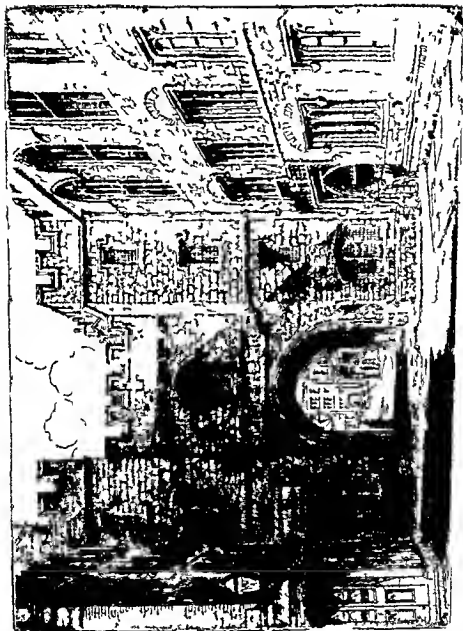


F. W. A. J. P. M. in the foreground
F. H. M. in the background

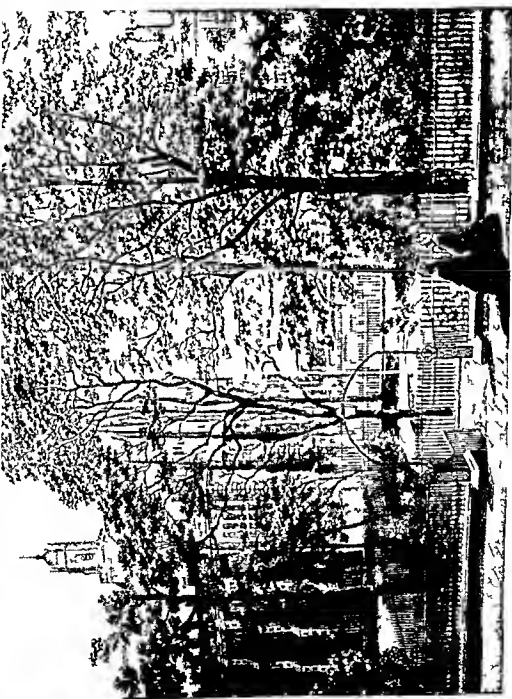


BARTHOLOMEW'S GATEWAY ETCHING
BY WILLIAM WALKER A.R.E.

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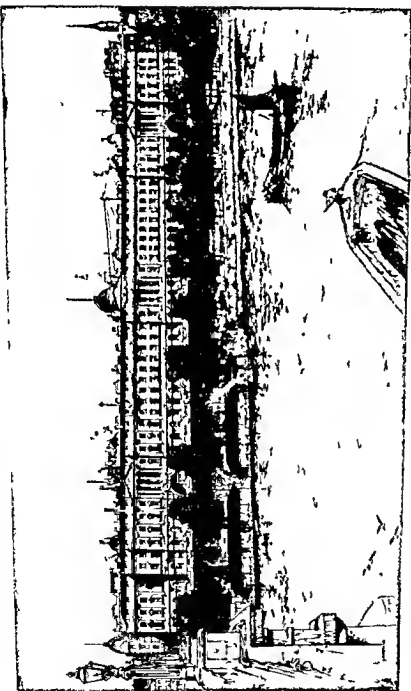
(Fountain and Hall Middle Temple)

FOUNTAIN AND HALL MIDDLE TEMPLE 1857
DRAWING BY J. W. ARCHER R.

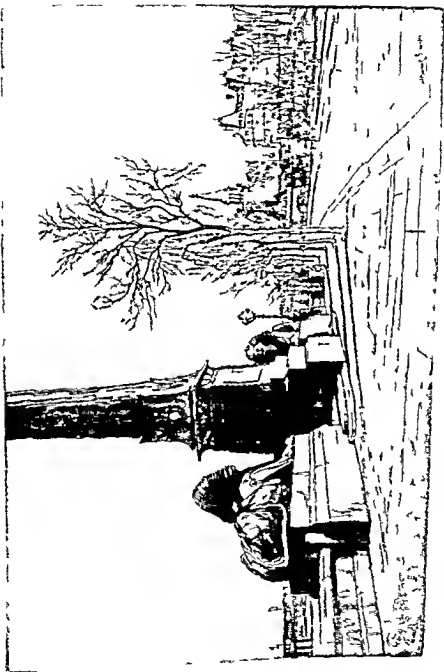


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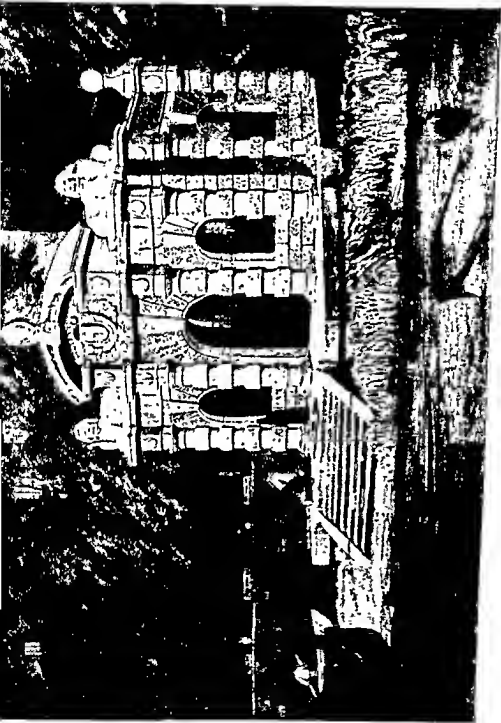


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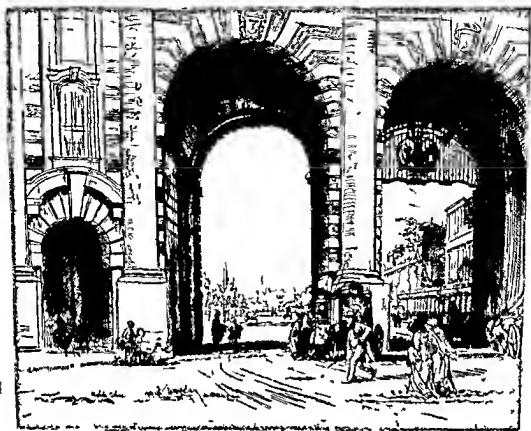
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THE WATER GATE. YORK STAIRS. 1851. DRAWING BY J. W. ARCHER. R.L.



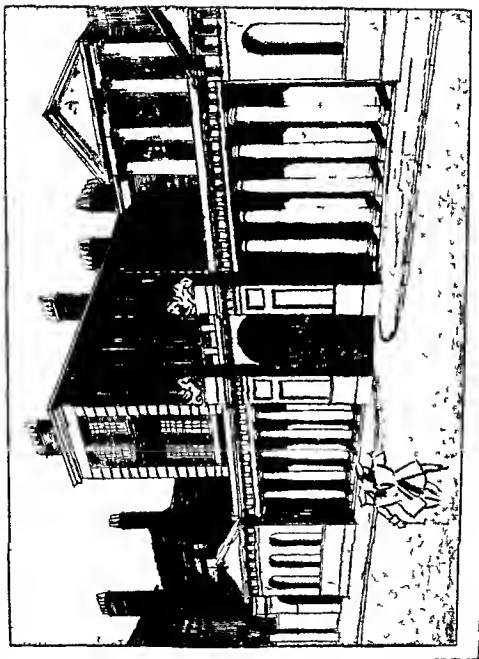


TRAFALGAR SQUARE BY NIGHT
ETCHING BY JAN POORTENAAAR

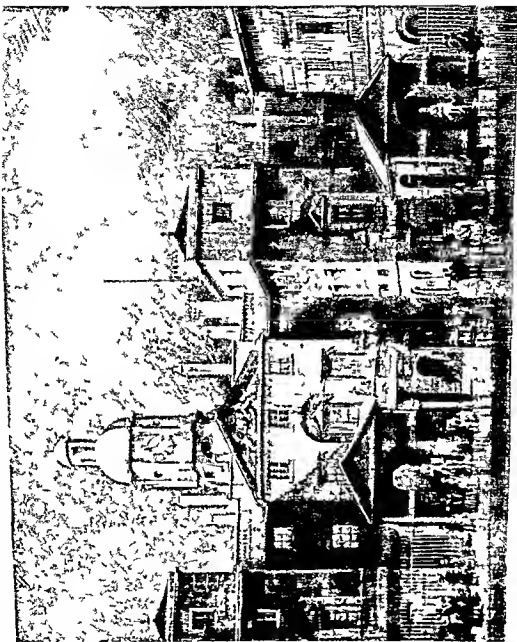


THE ADMIRALTY ARCHWAY ETCHING
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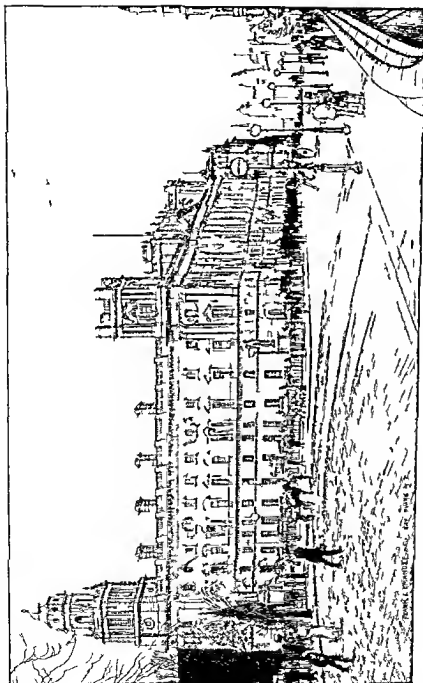
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THE ADMIRALTY ETCHED BY C. J. TAIT FRIDA



THE HORSE GUARDS LITHOGRAPH BY G. M. ELLWOOD

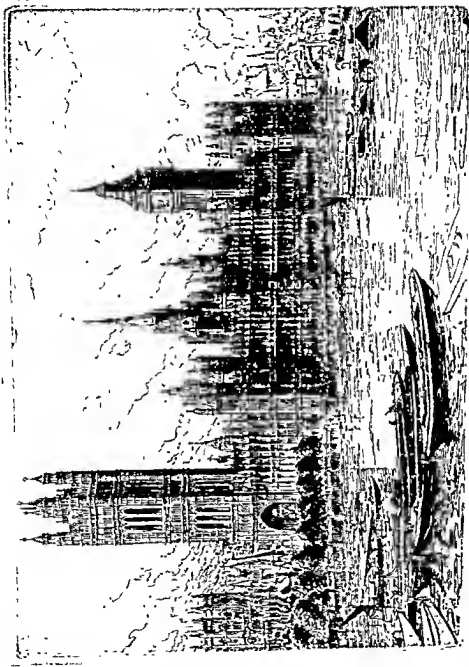


(By the author of *The Monks and the Girdles*)

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD OFFICE FROM PARLIAMENT SQUARE DRAW NO BY FRANK L. EMANUEL



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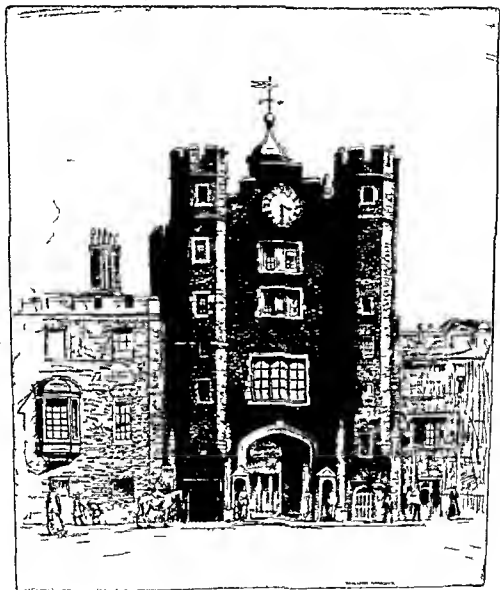


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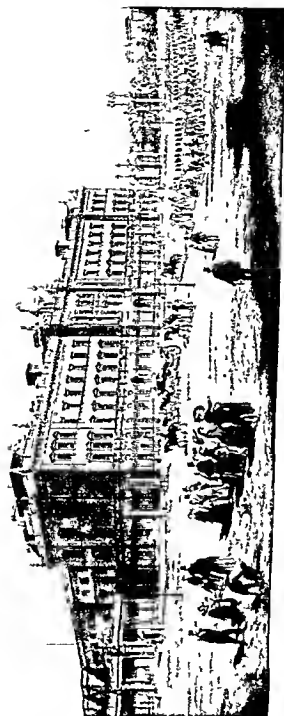


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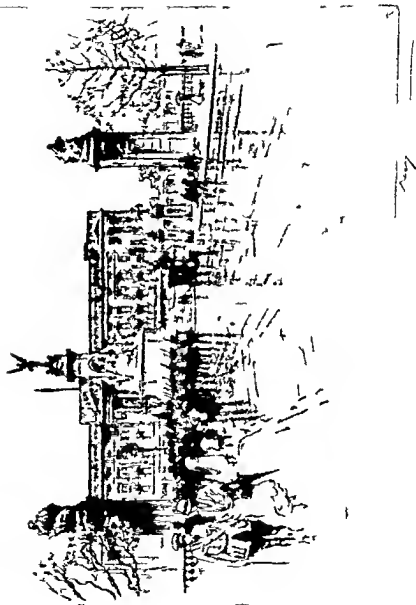


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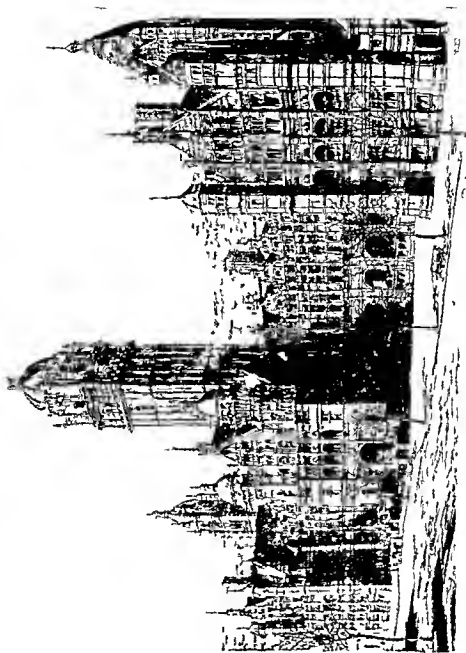
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ETCH NO BY PERCY ROBERTSON R E



THE WELLINGTON ARCH, CONSTITUTION HALL
ETCHING BY RAYMOND RAY JONES, A.R.C.



QUADRIGA GROUP. PEACE ON THE WELLINGTON ARCH.
CONSTITUTION HILL. ETCHING BY E. L. PATTERSON



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